

Great Mage 171

Season 1 Chapter 171: Nornir (3)

Shortly after arriving at Elliah's hideout, Frey saw something that made him speechless.

It was someone he had never expected to meet again.

"Isaka Blake?"

He was still alive?

Isaka turned to look at Frey before looking away again. It seemed he was in a bad mood.

Frey wasn't sure what happened, but Isaka's entire body was a mess. There was even a bright bruise on his face.

"You don't even call me father anymore."

Well. It was also the same back then.

Isaka smiled deprecatingly.

Ignoring his words, Frey turned to Elliah.

“Why is he alive? No. More than that, why is he here?”

“I brought him here. I think he could be useful in the future. Don’t worry. By the time I’ve finished training him, he won’t dare mess around.”

Isaka shuddered at the word training.

Recalling his power, Frey couldn’t help but tilt his head.

“You want to make him your Apostle?”

“I have no intention of making an Apostle.”

Elliah snorted as she said those words.

“Didn’t you want to make Diablo your Apostle?”

“Do you think he’s comparable to that Lich?”

“...”

He wasn't. This was something Frey could be certain of. He didn't even have a good estimate of how powerful Diablo truly was.

Frey turned to look at Nix.

She looked exhausted. She really needed to rest.

"It's safe here, so you can get some rest."

"...then I'll just rest for a little bit."

After giving a stiff nod, Nix went to a corner and crouched. Her posture reminded him of an animal sleeping.

Frey took off his robe and covered her body before turning around.

Isaka was still ignoring him.

Frey looked at Elliah and tried to say something, but she beat him to it.

"Did you hear about the Kastkau Empire's surrender?"

"...no."

Frey was forced to swallow his words. As someone who had attained the stage of a heart and mind as calm as a lake, he wouldn't react violently no matter what happened. In fact, it would be strange if an Archmage like him could lose their composure easily.

"Did the Empire fall?"

"It didn't fall. In fact, it didn't receive much damage at all. It wasn't like Geotanbul or the few cities in Silkid that were annihilated. We could say it was just eaten. I heard that it was officially declared at dawn yesterday. In that country, the Circle is no different from pagans and fugitives."

It had surrendered without suffering much damage.

Frey frowned.

"Lord moved personally."

"It means he's finally become serious. Congratulations. You're the first person I've seen to make Lord so angry."

Elliah's soulless compliment made Frey's heart feel heavy.

There was a large number of circles staying within the Kastkau Empire. At least a third of the entire Circle.

As it was called the Magic Empire, it was natural for many people from the Circle to have come from there.

However, the empire they risked their lives to protect was now turning its back on them. The Circle's members would not be able to accept this fact easily.

'No.'

That wasn't the only problem.

Every Circle member currently staying in the empire was in danger. After all, it was an imperial edict declared by the emperor himself.

It wouldn't be strange if punitive expeditions were carried out by Wizards and Knights of the Imperial family.

Furthermore, those who had ties with both the Circle and the Empire would be confused by their identities. There was even the chance that they would betray the Circle.

The chaos that would spread from this would soon shake the entire Circle.

In a sense, this situation was much worse than if several cities in Kastkau had been destroyed.

“How did you know Lord was heading to Silkid?”

“I heard about it.”

From who?

He didn't say it out loud.

There was only one person who could read Lord's movements.

Anastasia had said it, and Frey agreed.

“...Iris.”

“...”

Elliah didn't answer.

Frey could only let out a heavy sigh.

It was a name that always came up when he wanted to forget it.

“And you believed it?”

“I didn’t believe her at first. So I tried to read Lord’s movements myself. Looking at the situation, I guessed that he had a 90% chance of going there. Well, it felt like she intended for me to think that.”

Elliah wrinkled her nose.

“It was an unpleasant conversation. I felt like I was being led around.”

That was to be expected.

It wouldn’t be enough even if you called Iris’ eloquence excellent. Even the most eloquent speakers would not be able to read Iris’ intentions, and would just dance in her palm. (TL: Speech: 100)

But he didn’t expect it to be so effective against Elliah, a Demigod.

‘As expected of Iris.’

He had the urge to say those words with a wry smile.

Frey shook his head because he knew he couldn’t do that.

“Why did Lord go to Silkid? To help Agni completely conquer it?”

If so, the situation would become much worse than he expected.

He didn't have the confidence to defeat Agni at that moment, but if Lord was to join him, then they would inevitably fail.

Even if he became twice as powerful as he was now, he wouldn't succeed.

But Elliah shook her head.

"That's impossible."

"Why?"

"Because Silkid is Agni's territory, so he wouldn't try to touch it. Because it would be like touching Agni's pride right in front of him. He probably met Agni and asked for his understanding before he moved to Silkid."

"Even though he's Lord?"

"Especially because he's Lord. Because he has to respect the rights and pride of the Demigods as much as possible."

Frey almost snorted at those words.

Respect their rights. That was the same as saying Silkid already belonged to Agni.

“Iris said he went to look for something.”

“Went to look...”

Frey didn't know why, but the missing Dro came to mind at that moment. However, there was no conclusion to his suspicions since he didn't have enough information.

There were too few leads.

“Then, Lord will leave after he's finished his business?”

“Probably.”

“I need to know exactly when he leaves.”

“There's nothing to worry about. Iris said she'd tell me.”

Frey's expression stiffened.

“Tell you... how?”

“She will come personally to tell me.”

“..”

“Why?”

“Nothing.”

Didn't that mean that Iris was coming here?

He didn't like the thought of that. This was proof that he was still reluctant to accept reality.

But it couldn't be helped.

Instead, it would be better to treat this meeting as an opportunity.

'I can't keep avoiding it.'

He had to talk to Iris at some point.

“As for the Nornir sisters I froze...”

“Sisters.”

Hearing the strangeness in Frey’s voice, Elliah scratched her cheek.

“Uh... Demigods don’t really have family. We’re each individual entities. We’re not related by blood. Well, it can be argued that we were born from the same parent, but it’s true that we don’t have any brothers or sisters.

The Will of the World.

If it could be considered a parent, then Elliah’s words made sense.

Frey already knew the story. Riki had told him.

Elliah continued in a slightly strained tone.

“That woman was a bit of a strange case. She was originally a single Demigod, but she separated into three.”

“...that’s possible?”

“Perhaps. She was the only one who managed to do it, so I’m not sure. So she was unique.”

Frey wasn’t completely convinced, but he understood what she was saying.

This also explained why they were particularly weak compared to the other Demigods.

“So when I go back to that place, she will be much stronger than she was?” (TL: I made another mistake, mini explanation at the bottom)

“That’s right. But I don’t know just how strong she would be. I also don’t know what power ‘Norn’ has.”

“...so it’s Norn.”

“I froze her with my power, but it won’t last very long. A day at best.”

Frey clicked his tongue.

A day was too short. But he couldn’t complain.

Rather, he should be grateful that she was even able to buy him time even for a day. If it weren’t for her, he certainly wouldn’t have gotten this chance.

“Even if Lord returns to Kastkau. If Norn, who’s returned to her original form, joins Agni, the fight in Silkid will be hopeless.”

Frey nodded.

It was a cold statement, but it was the truth. In fact, it could even be called a fairly positive outlook.

The worst-case scenario would be the complete annihilation of the rebel forces before they were able to escape Silkid.

If that happened, then it would be over for the continent.

“You have to kill Norn. Before she joins Agni.”

“It’s not going to be easy, but-.”

Just as Frey was about to continue, Elliah cut him off.

“I can’t help you. I had to run away today just to keep my life.”

“I don’t want that. Rather, the help you’ve given me so far...”

Frey hesitated for a moment before saying what he wanted.

“...makes me wonder.”

“Hah. I thought you were going to say thank you.”

Elliah gave a light snort at his words.

“Can I ask you something?”

“What is it?”

“Why are you helping us?”

“...”

Elliah fell silent.

Frey spoke with a quiet voice.

“I heard the reason Riki betrayed the Demigods directly from his own mouth. It was a reason I could understand.”

The doubts he'd felt during his fight with Lucid, Lord's interference, and the inner changes he experienced. Those all made sense.

But what about Elliah?

He only knew of one reason why she was helping them.

"Riki's will. Is that really enough to stand by us?"

"...ahaha."

Elliah burst into laughter. There was also a soft smile on her lips.

Frey became speechless for a moment because it was a smile she'd never shown before.

"You are so dense."

"What?"

Frey fell silent at the unexpected remark.

Elliah smiled and said.

“So ridiculously dense. I wonder if you could be a little sweet even to a woman you’re in love with.”

“What are you talking about all of a sudden?”

Elliah was no longer looking at Frey.

While seeming to look somewhere far away, she muttered.

“That was all I needed.”

“...”

She shook her head for a moment. Then, she seemed to come back to her senses as she said.

“Lord might find Norn trapped in my ice. He will know I’ve betrayed him, but he won’t be able to melt it.”

Ice that even Lord couldn’t melt.

It was a statement that hinted at Elliah’s powers.

“The ice will melt after a day. By then, it’s likely that Lord will have left Silkid. So you can return tomorrow.”

One day. A day in which he could do nothing.

Frey felt an itch in his throat.

Perhaps because the situation was urgent, a day felt like an eternity.

But he decided to change his thoughts.

In other words, this meant that he had a free day.

He could not let it pass in vain.

‘I have to take down Norn.’

As soon as the ice melted tomorrow, she had to be removed before she could join forces with Agni.

It wouldn’t be easy. But he’d managed to find a lead.

It was his divine power.

Buzz.

“...”

Frey felt a gaze as he began combining his power of lightning and his power of Absolute.

It was Elliah.

“Is that a combination of divine power and mana?”

“Right.”

“How?”

“I don’t understand the principles behind it yet. I’ll probably have to carry out concentrated research for a year before I can even begin to understand it.”

And that was just his minimum estimate.

“Your divine power has also increased by several times.”

“Because I absorbed Milled’s crystal.”

Elliah frowned.

“You absorbed his crystal?”

“Right.”

“Hmm...”

Elliah’s expression became serious.

Then she gestured to Frey.

“Sit here. I need to take a look at your body.”

Frey listened to her.

He also wanted to ask for advice on how to use divine power. After all, there were no beings more adept at using it than the Demigods themselves.

He sat on the chair and took off his coat.

Elliah's hands which rested on his bare back felt so cold that he almost mistook them for pieces of ice.

"...this shouldn't be possible."

Elliah's muttering could be heard.

After a while, Elliah lifted her palms with a complicated expression on her face.

"Leyrin really made something amazing."

"What do you mean?"

"Your divine power and mana are coexisting in harmony. Well. It appears to be stable at first glance... but you're in an incredibly dangerous state right now."

Elliah's serious expression showed that she wasn't joking.

But Frey tilted his head.

"It doesn't seem dangerous."

It was his body, so he knew its condition best.

At the moment, Frey's body was in an extremely stable state. Using the combination of mana and divine power had a bit of risk, but it wasn't enough to be life threatening.

But Elliah's meaning was a little different.

"The root of your power is mana."

"That's right."

Even when he was trapped in the Abyss as Lukas, his thoughts remained on mana, and when he acquired Frey's body, this focus didn't change.

Therefore, calling mana his root was not wrong.

"The two powers in your body. Mana and divine power. It doesn't matter if mana is more powerful. Because that is your root. But if it's the other way around... you've never had more divine power in your body before, have you?"

Frey nodded.

Although his divine power grew rapidly, it was not enough to threaten the supremacy of his mana.

Right. Until recently.

The moment he had this thought, Frey's expression changed.

"Is this about the rapid growth of my divine power?"

"I'm not sure about the details, but if you absorb another crystal, the balance will be broken. Your divine power will surpass your mana."

Elliah glanced at Isaka.

Isaka was only 7 stars, so it didn't really matter much at his level. He didn't have the power of 'Absolute'. So he didn't have to be wary of his divine power.

But Frey was different. His mana had reached 9 stars and had manifested the power of Absolute.

His divine power was silent now. Because it knew it was too weak.

But if it found that it was powerful enough to consume the mana...

"If you absorb even one more crystal, the balance will be broken."

What exactly would happen if the balance broke?

As if she could read the question in Frey's expression, Elliah continued.

"At least, you would become a being that could no longer be called a Wizard."

Season 1 Chapter 172: Nornir (4)

It felt like it had been a long time since they'd met.

When he had this thought, Agni couldn't help but feel a bit strange.

It hadn't even been a month since he'd last spoken to Lord. And for Demigods, who had eternal lives, a month was not a long time at all.

Still, Agni couldn't help but feel that this month had been quite a long one.

Nevertheless, he hid his thoughts and asked.

"What are you doing here, Lord?"

[I'm sorry, Agni. But you know I wouldn't just move around in your territory for no reason.]

"Of course I do. Something must have happened. I'm just curious. What exactly was it that brought you to Silkid?"

Lord did not have the time for idle chat.

At the moment, he was dealing with the elimination of the Circle and the subjugation of the mortal countries, including Kastkau.

His territory was also several times larger than Agni, Nozdog, and Ananta's. Especially after he took control of Leyrin's territory.

[I came here to look for something.]

"To look for something..."

Agni couldn't imagine what it could be.

He tilted his head.

"Did you find it?"

After falling silent for a moment, Lord finally said.

[No.]

That was unexpected.

Lord didn't manage to find what he wanted?

But Lord continued in a disinterested voice.

[But I don't care too much. There's only a limited number of people who could do it.]

"Well, it seems you already have it under control."

[That's right. I just need to wait till their tail is long enough to step on.]

"..."

[By the way, the situation in Silkid doesn't seem to be going as smoothly as I expected.]

Two Demigods had already died. Lord probably knew that already, too.

Lord turned to look at Agni and said.

[If you don't mind, I can lend you a hand.]

“No. I refuse.”

Agni spoke firmly.

He knew Lord’s power. If he revealed himself, then the chaos in Silkid would not even last till nightfall.

But he would not ask for help. Doing so would only damage Agni’s pride as a Demigod.

Therefore, it was completely unacceptable for him to allow Lord to do as he pleased in his territory.

Lord nodded as though he expected such a response.

[I see. Understood. Then, in that case, I hope you wrap things up nicely.]

“Right. I will come to see you as soon as I’m finished here.”

Lord left with a nod.

Afterwards, Agni got up from his seat on the throne.

As he was talking face to face with Lord, Agni had noticed how his feelings had changed.

After hearing about what happened to Leyrin, he had been deeply troubled.

The reason why he hadn't made a move in Talhadun was because he wasn't sure about it. He didn't know what he wanted to do.

But at that moment, Agni had reached a conclusion.

Leyrin's death was unfortunate, but there was no reason to betray Lord.

Following Lord's will. That was the only meaning to their existence.

'I'm not like Riki.'

As he thought this, Agni shook off the last of his hesitation.

There was no reason to be sloppy in the desert any longer. It was time to completely drive out the rats.

"Let's go, my comrades."

Those around Agni stood up with him.

Even when he'd been lost in his thoughts, Agni didn't stop listening to reports about the situation in Silkid. He knew the reason why the nearly destroyed country had yet to fully give in to them.

The Great Warrior Ivan.

The rebel focus had united around this man.

This meant it wouldn't be too hard.

As long as he crushed him, this country would submit to him.

* * *

'You will no longer be a Wizard.'

Frey couldn't stop thinking about the weight of those words.

Himself—not a Wizard. He couldn't even imagine it.

Even though he'd embraced many different things since he'd become 'Frey Blake', Elliah's words were right.

Mana was still Frey's foundation.

As for his thoughts about divine power.

'It's a bit strange.'

He thought of the Demigods' Apostles. The crystal he'd absorbed after killing one of them had allowed him to increase his mana.

Even at that time, he'd felt that such a thing was vaguely contradictory.

Frey frowned.

'Mana and divine power can replace each other.'

Now, he had no choice but to accept this fact.

The theory that these two powers existed on completely different poles was indeed true. However, the idea that they could never be mixed and could never coexist might just have been a misconception.

Depending on how they were used, it was possible to increase or decrease their power.

Frey and Isaka's bodies were proof of that.

Of course, the principle behind this had yet to be understood. It currently couldn't be explained.

This exploration dived so deeply that its outcome would be very hard to see with a mortal vessel.

'That's a matter to be considered another day, but not now.'

Instead, what he had to think about now was how to make use of this fact.

Frey recalled Riki's crystal, which was still in his bag.

The divine power contained in that crystal was probably beyond description. After all, he was the uncrowned no. 2 among the Demigods.

The divine power of that being, who was at least a half step stronger than the other Apocalypses, was contained in that small bead.

If Frey were to absorb that bead, he'd certainly become stronger. It was possible that his lightning power would even surpass Indra's.

However, as Elliah said, he might lose his identity as a Wizard as a result.

It was possible that he would even lose his identity as a human.

“...”

Frey suddenly felt heavy.

He wanted to confront the Demigods with mana, spells, and magical science.

He wanted to beat them using the power of humans.

‘Is it really impossible?’

In order to defeat the Demigods, he needed to steal their power. That was the only answer he’d gained after agonising about it for a long time.

Frey felt frustrated at the futility of his situation.

“Are you hesitating about using your divine power?”

It was Isaka’s voice.

Frey turned to look at him.

The father and son didn't have an emotional reunion. After all, the last time they met, the two had tried to kill each other.

However, Frey felt nothing towards Isaka. And what was truly interesting was that Isaka looked at him in the same way.

Frey could feel the divine power in Isaka's body.

Perhaps he was only second to the Demigods.

"It's getting harder to use magic. On the other hand, my usage of divine power has become better than ever. It's not just that. Even my physical abilities have gained an overall improvement. With the way I am now, crushing rocks with my hands wouldn't be a challenge."

This meant that divine power didn't just exist as a form of energy, but it also had a deep influence on the rest of his body.

"I will use this power to fight the Demigods. And I will kill them."

"Aren't you the Demigods' subordinate?"

"Subordinate? If that was true, I wouldn't have betrayed them."

Isaka snorted coldly.

Then he muttered assertively.

“I was just a puppet, no, even less than that.”

“...”

“That’s why I chose treason. I didn’t think about the future. I couldn’t afford to since I wasn’t even sure what would happen to me. But no matter what I face in the future, I won’t regret it. Because my opponents are now the Demigods.”

After losing everything, the first thing Isaka felt was helplessness. Then anger at the ones who manipulated his life.

He could only move according to their wishes like a puppet attached to strings. There were times when he did things that he thought were according to his own will but turned out to have been organised by them behind the scenes.

If he had the chance to even deal the slightest blow to them, he was willing to throw away everything he had.

“You are not Frey.”

Isaka muttered.

“I’m not sure about the details, but I’m certain of that. But it doesn’t matter to me right now. All I care about now is that your fangs are sharp enough to tear through the Demigods’ throats.”

He had already thrown away everything.

Isaka no longer considered himself as the Head of the Blake family or as a Wizard. It also didn’t matter to him what Frey’s identity truly was.

He didn’t even care about the death of his wife, Leita(1).

“If you intend to subdue the Demigods, I will help you.”

After saying that, Isaka left.

Frey sighed.

(TL: The author really does a good job at humanising the side characters... even the despicable ones we dislike.)

* * *

A day had passed.

After another hour, the ice surrounding Norn would melt.

It was at that moment when Iris arrived.

She looked the same as when he'd last seen her, and when she saw Frey, she didn't show any reaction.

Frey couldn't help but feel that she was intentionally keeping her distance because of him.

In fact, Iris didn't turn her eyes away from Elliah.

"Lord is gone."

"Did he find what he was looking for?"

"No."

Iris shook her head.

"What the hell was Lord even searching for in the first place?"

"..."

Elliah was the one who asked the question, but Iris turned to look at Frey instead.

“You would know.”

Those words made Frey think of Dro.

The thought that he was the one Lord was looking for became more pronounced.

“Is he with you?”

Iris lowered her eyes for a moment. Then she turned to Elliah and said.

“I’d like to talk to him for a moment.”

Elliah looked a bit displeased, but she soon sighed.

“Go ahead.”

Only Iris and Frey were left in the room.

It was Iris who opened her mouth first.

“Do you trust me?”

Frey would never have imagined that those would be her first words.

Iris didn't rush him.

She wasn't even looking at Frey. Instead, she kept her eyes on the floor.

Frey had a lot on his mind.

The things Iris had done and her current attitude began to blend and form an indescribable feeling in his chest.

“I don't know.”

Frey decided to avoid the question.

Iris fell silent for a moment.

She seemed to have forgotten everything she wanted to say. At least, until she lost her composure, Frey would be unable to know what she was thinking.

It was then.

[Summon me.]

Frey heard a heavy voice in his head.

It had been a long time since he'd heard this voice. It was Asura.

He never contacted Frey first unless it was for a good reason.

Iris looked at Frey and said.

"I kind of miss him. Asura. I can't believe you signed a contract with him. Huhu. In the old days, I never imagined..."

At that moment, Iris' eyes became filled with emotion. But when that happened, Iris suddenly stopped talking before falling back to her originally cold attitude.

"It seems he has something to say to me."

"I think so. He's asking me to summon him."

“I don’t mind.”

Unlike when she spoke to Elliah, Iris was using a softer tone.

Frey summoned Asura, who appeared in a moderate size.

“It’s been a while, Asura.”

“That’s right. But I didn’t come here to reminisce about the old days with you, Iris.”

Asura looked down at Iris with a curious gaze.

“You, what exactly did you do in the Demon World?”

“What are you talking about?”

“Don’t pretend to be innocent. Do you think I wouldn’t notice you running around with Lucifer?”

Frey was surprised at those words.

“It was really amazing that a human had managed to go to the Demon World, but... if it were you, I could understand. Rather than that, I’m more curious as to why you broke into the Despair Hell. It looked like you were trying to dig up something.... Kuku. Thanks to you, I got to enjoy seeing Barbatos mad.”

Demon World, Dragon Lord, Dro.

Those three words began aligning themselves in Frey’s head and he looked at Iris with a firm expression.

Was she the one who took Dro to Silkid?

“But I want to know what your goal was. You just dug up the ground before leaving. Weren’t you after the thing buried there?”

Frey turned to look at Asura who continued with his seemingly curious tone.

“I’m talking about the giant Dragon. I can’t believe I got the chance to see a Dragon in the Demon World. I can’t even begin to imagine how long it’s been buried there. Lucifer is probably the only one who knows.”

“The Dragon’s corpse is still there?”

Asura looked at Frey and shook his head.

“It’s wrong to call it a corpse. It’s still alive.”

“What?”

The words Asura said next were even more shocking.

“We even had a short conversation. Then it fainted back into hibernation again.”

Confusion blossomed on Frey’s face.

He even spoke to him in the Demon World?

Didn’t that mean the Dragon Lord hadn’t been fully released from the seal and awakened but was still there?

‘...if so.’

Then who was the black-haired man he met in the desert?

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“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

Her tone was natural, but her face remained expressionless.

Asura snorted.

“I’m sure that even across the continent, no one has been exposed to divine power as much as you have. Except for the Demigods. I really want to cut your body in half, just once, to see how it looks inside.”

Asura was right. Only he knew just how long Iris had been in contact with Lord.

Even if she had only accepted his divine power for a few hundred years, her body would have reached a state that was no longer human.

“Is that all you wanted to say?”

“That was the main reason. I wanted to see your reaction. But since you’re holding it in, then I have nothing more to say. You’re not the type of woman who’d talk after being threatened.”

“Then the other reason?”

Black smoke flowed out of Asura’s mouth.

“A warning. Don’t mess around in my territory.”

The smoke spread out in all directions, enveloping the entire room and causing the atmosphere to become heavy.

A ruler of the Demon World.

The power of his manifestation was limited, but his overbearing aura was the same.

“I have respect for Lord Lucifer. And since you were my old contractor, I have some good feelings towards you. But that doesn’t mean I’ll let you do as you please in my place.”

It was a warning not to do what she’d done in Barbatos’ Despair Hell in his territory.

Asura meant those words.

He would definitely not allow people to come and go as they pleased in his territory without his permission.

“I know, Asura. You don’t think I’d do something like that, do you?”

“...”

Asura frowned.

He knew Iris well. In a way, he knew even more about her eloquence than her teammate, Frey.

Therefore, he could feel the strangeness in Iris' words.

"Tch."

He clicked his tongue.

If this woman decided to hide her thoughts, absolutely no one would be able to read her. Perhaps he had already been caught in her word trap unknowingly.

"I'm leaving."

After saying those words, Asura disappeared. It seemed he'd already accomplished his goal and he didn't have any regrets.

Once again, Frey and Iris were left alone in the room.

This time, Frey opened his mouth first.

"Dro had a Dragon Heart."

"Dro?"

After being puzzled for a moment, Iris realised what he meant and nodded.

“That must be what you call him. Hmm. So what?”

“However, everything but the Dragon Heart was just a shell. Closer to a corpse or a Golem. Either way, I’m sure that it was artificially created. So what the hell did you do to the Dragon Lord’s body?”

The previous look in her eyes came and went in an instant. He couldn’t guess what Iris was thinking.

She smiled and said.

“I have no intention of answering that question. We’re not that close, are we? Frey Blake.”

She called him by his name and said things that put distance between them.

Frey felt that Iris’ attitude was different from before.

She had set up numerous thick, invisible walls with which to separate them.

“There’s only one thing I want to say. Don’t miss the opportunity when it comes.”

“Opportunity?”

“It means you shouldn’t let yourself be swayed by personal affection or past relationships.”

After saying those words in a meaningful tone, Iris stood up.

Then she disappeared without another word. With Lord’s ability to control space.

“...”

Frey sighed and left the room.

Elliah stood outside the door.

She hadn’t been listening to their conversation, but her expression was stiff.

“The situation is not good.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Agni has started moving in earnest. It seems he has made up his mind to conquer Silkid. He’s moving to get rid of the rebel forces as we speak.”

Rebel forces. That meant Ivan.

Frey's expression became hard as well.

It would be a lie to say he didn't feel anxious at that moment.

'Why now...'

The timing wasn't good at all.

It wasn't yet time. Snow, Nora, and Benieng were with Ivan now. There was also a large number of Warriors who came from all corners of Silkid.

But it still wasn't enough to face an Apocalypse.

"Elliah, won't you help them at all?"

As he asked this, Frey's voice was more earnest than usual.

Elliah could also see Frey's sincerity. So unlike before, she shook her head seriously and explained.

“I can’t. My participation alone would be justification for Lord to intervene. Lord already knows that I’ve betrayed him. And if that happened, Agni would no longer turn down Lord’s help.”

“...”

That meant he couldn’t hope for Elliah’s assistance. Lord’s participation in the war would lead to a situation that was many times more desperate than it was now.

Frey grit his teeth.

“Nix, Isaka. You two should head to Ivan.”

“Huh?”

Nix blinked quickly.

In this case, Isaka’s judgement was much faster than Nix, who knew nothing about the world.

“You intend to deal with that Demigod, Norn, on your own?”

“Right.”

Agni's Apostle, Nix, and Isaka, who had gained powers close to a Demigod. Their power was such that even Frey wasn't able to completely see through them.

They would be more than enough to reinforce Ivan's group.

The original plan was for them to help him fight Norn, but the situation was currently too pressing.

'That doesn't mean we can put off getting rid of Norn.'

This meant there was only one option left.

Frey had to deal with Norn on his own.

* * *

Silkid's Great Chief, Tuarik, looked at the back of the man in front of him.

A well trained body and hair reminiscent of a lion's mane. More powerful than these, however, was his gaze.

'Great Warrior Ivan.'

The man in front of him was the man who had such a title resting on his shoulders. That's why he entrusted the future of Silkid to him.

He thought that Ivan might have been able to change the country's catastrophic end.

'Is it an illusion?'

Tuarik couldn't help but wonder.

The Warriors brought by Tuarik and the Warriors who followed Ivan. They added up to a total of 500.

Although this number was not enough to defeat the Demigods, it was still enough to show that they hadn't given up the fight. In the future, they would travel all over Silkid and gather even more fighters.

Tuarik believed in Silkid's proud warriors.

Most Warriors would join the Great Warrior with bright smiles on their faces.

Unfortunately, his hopeful predictions ended as mere predictions. There was one thing that Tuarik had overlooked.

They didn't have enough time.

[Submit.]

Agni looked down at Tuarik as he said those words.

At the same time, two hundred elite Warriors were burned to death. The only good thing was that they died before they could even begin to scream.

At least they didn't feel any pain.

[And I will spare your lives.]

Agni's voice was plain.

Tuarik grit his teeth as he said.

"...is this why you spared my life?"

When Agni didn't respond, Tuarik shouted out more violently.

"Was your real intention to destroy the Warriors who I would go around Silkid to gather!"

[Not really. Great Chief. At that time, I was still hesitating, but I'm not any more.]

He said that as though it explained everything, but they didn't understand.

They didn't want to understand.

Just as Tuarik was about to shout again, Ivan took a step forward.

Tuarik paused.

He realised. He had been mistaken.

He didn't calm down, but the voice he spoke with next was much more stable.

"I'm the Great Chief of Silkid, but I'm not the representative for the Warriors gathered here."

[Then?]

"This man is our leader. He will decide on your proposal."

Then Agni's eyes turned to Ivan. He had not raised an eyebrow even when two hundred warriors had been burned.

Agni nodded slowly.

This showed that he respected Tuarik's words.

He already knew who this man was. The man who had risen rapidly on the hopes of the Warriors.

[Great Warrior Ivan. Submit.]

Ivan, who was looking at Agni, suddenly folded his arms. His expression remained unchanged.

"I hate you."

Agni's expression changed.

His entire body was made of flames, but it was clear that his eyebrows had furrowed.

[Do you think you can win?]

"How could I know if I don't even try?"

When Ivan said those words, a ripple went through the Warriors behind him. Snow let out a low laugh.

“We at least know one thing. You’re weaker than Riki.”

They knew Riki.

It wasn’t strange. Because all the Demigods knew he was a traitor.

It wouldn’t be surprising for him to have deep relationships with some humans.

But such a statement was offensive to Agni. His body swelled to twice its size in an instant. The heat he gave off even warmed the cool dawn in the desert.

But soon, that heat died down.

[Right.]

“What?”

[I am weaker than Riki.]

As soon as he admitted this, Ivan’s eyes narrowed.

Agni continued in a hazy voice.

[From the day the first brick was laid on this barren land, I watched on.]

This desert was Agni's territory. On it, countries were built, destroyed, and then rebuilt.

He'd seen this countless times already.

[Those who gathered in the Amakan were naturally strong. But I'm not sure if it was the barren land that made them or called them. So I know. That you all won't give in easily. But it would have been better if things had gone smoothly.]

Agni let out a laugh.

[I said a lot of unnecessary things. In any case, I welcome this struggle. And you will learn.]

"What will we learn?"

[How strong a Demigod who is weaker than Riki is... when compared to you.]

At that moment, two Demigods appeared in the distance before coming to a stop not too far from Agni.

Ivan frowned.

“So there are more.”

[...no.]

Agni was strangely surprised.

[I didn't bring any of my subordinates.]

They had all been sent to subjugate the cities that hadn't yet submitted.

The only Demigod who'd come here was Agni.

Ivan looked at the two who were close to Agni. Because of the divine power that they gave off, he thought they were Demigods, but when he looked closely, he saw that the person on the left was a familiar looking red-haired woman.

“Huh, the girl who wanted to die...”

And the man on the right was also family.

“And an old Frey?”

“...”

Isaka's expression became unpleasant as he heard those words, but he kept it in as he recalled why he was here.

“We came here to help you, Ivan.”

“Who are you?”

“Reinforcements sent by Frey.”

“Huh. Then what about Frey?”

It was Nix who answered this time. She spoke with confidence.

“He'll be here soon.”

* * *

The ice around Norn's body began to melt and crack.

Frey was standing in front of her.

If he broke the ice now, then he could kill Norn. This childish thought appeared in his mind for a little, but he knew it wasn't 'true.

Instead, it would only let Norn out ahead of time.

Norn, the true identity of the three Nornir sisters.

Even Elliah didn't know how strong she was.

He didn't think she was, but if she happened to be on par with an Apocalypse...

Frey recalled Riki's crystal that was still in his bag as well as the question Isaka had asked him.

[Are you hesitating about using your divine power?]

“...”

He was hesitating.

But the fact that he still had to add it to his options remained unchanged.

He had to win. Losing here was completely unacceptable.

He'd sent Nix and Isaka to help Ivan, but he didn't think they would be able to defeat Agni.

To kill him, he also had to be present.

'I have to win on my own.'

Suddenly.

As if it noticed his thoughts, Frey noticed a sign in the sky.

"That's..."

Frey's eyes shined.

Frey noticed something that left a long trail like a meteor. To be precise, it wasn't a meteor but something that was moving as fast as a meteor.

Bang!

It slammed into the ground with a loud sound. Of course, the actual range of damage wasn't very wide.

It was small in size in the first place, and it wasn't like it was descending from orbit.

"Where are you headed like that?"

Frey was unable to stop himself from laughing at the sight of a girl walking towards him, covered in dust.

"I'd detected a trace around here, but it suddenly disappeared.... Thanks to you, I was lost for a really long time."

Anastasia brushed the dirt from her body.

Then she turned to Frey and asked.

"Am I late?"

"No."

Crack crack!

At that moment, the ice that surrounded Norn was completely broken.

“You’re right on time.”

Season 1 Chapter 174: Nornir (6)

The first thing that Verdandy... No, the first thing that the Demigod, who had become a singular entity called Norn, saw when she opened her eyes was a fist.

Paak!

Norn didn’t understand what happened.

She only felt the pain after flying dozens of meters away and colliding heavily with the ground.

“Ah.”

And when Norn uttered her first sound, Anastasia, who had hit her, had closed in on her once again.

Anastasia clenched her fist.

Anastasia’s fist was as small as one would expect from a girl her age, but the power contained within it was beyond comprehension.

Papapa!

Anastasia's successive attacks sounded like claps of thunder. The ground was upturned as if it was continuously hit by cannonballs rather than blows from hands and feet.

Norn's body was like a small sailboat being swept around in a storm.

It was only as she was about to receive the 26th blow that she came to her senses.

Hwik.

She dodged.

Seeing this, Anastasia clicked her tongue. She felt that her fun from the surprise attack had come to an end.

She looked at Norn who stood in the distance with a blank expression on her face.

At first glance, she looked like a total mess, but that wasn't actually the case.

Anastasia's attacks didn't seem to have much of an effect on Norn.

The martial art technique she used was the Warrior King's Fist, and her skill level wasn't low. Moreover, her power output of 1 million ME was more than enough to make up for any clumsiness in her actions.

What was unusual was the Demigod's abilities.

"She preferred close combat before merging."

Anastasia tilted her head as she heard Frey's voice.

"Before merging?"

"She was originally split into three."

"...huh. This is the first time I've heard of a Demigod being able to do that."

"It's true."

Elliah, who was also a Demigod, had said it was something that had never happened before.

Frey looked at Norn, who was still standing there blankly, and said.

"Those punches just now weren't your full strength, were they?"

“Right, but I need time to use something stronger. And that doesn’t mean the power of my attacks would double.”

Anastasia shrugged.

“That means I’ll have to build it up. It’s not my style, but I guess I’ll take on Kasajin’s role.”

“No. Get the thought of replacing Kasajin out of your head. Lucid is the one you should imitate now.”

She shouldn’t use Kasajin’s style just because she used the Warrior King’s Fist.

That man’s violent fighting style was built almost entirely on one’s instincts, and it was not something that was easily imitated. Even if it might be possible to do it when fighting two against one, in a one-on-one situation, such a thing was impossible.

But Lucid was different.

He remained level-headed regardless of the situation.

As long as he had Indra’s lightning and the power of Absolute, they had enough firepower. All they needed was defense and pressure.

Anastasia began laughing.

“Haha! How interesting. Using Lucid’s style together with Kasajin’s martial arts.”

“Don’t complain for just two people. I have to take on the role of the Great Sage and Black Witch as well.”

“Kuku. That shouldn’t be a problem for the Great Mage.”

Frey and Anastasia met each other’s gaze.

“It’s been 4,000 years since we fought together. What’s the plan?”

“Don’t overdo it. Go into battle with the thought that if you die, the formation will collapse.”

Anastasia snorted.

“You don’t need to scare me. Even if one of us dies, it’s not the end. Things are not as bad as they were back then.”

“No. It’s the same as back then.”

She was silent this time.

Right.

If one of them collapsed, it would mean total annihilation.

She gave a bright smile.

“I’ll keep it in mind... Then, let’s do it.”

Taht.

Following the sound of her feet tapping against the ground, Anastasia quickly closed the distance between herself and Norn.

She stretched out her fist.

It was quick and merciless.

This time, it was a single blow, not a series. In fact, both the strength and concentration placed in this blow were completely different from the previous ones.

It had the power to instantly shatter even the well trained, muscular body of a Magic Warrior.

Norn simply avoided this fist.

“...”

Anastasia’s eyes changed.

She was certain that Norn couldn’t see her. Her eyes didn’t even twitch.

This meant that she didn’t rely on sight.

This was certainly strange, but after all, she was a Demigod. If one was to point out the strange parts, there would be no end to it.

‘But still.’

She felt uneasy.

Anastasia inwardly swallowed.

It was not the combat Golem Anastasia but the Great Sage Schweiser who was currently feeling a sense of crisis.

'Something is different.'

Shek.

She launched three more attacks.

Every time she attacked, the unease grew stronger. It didn't make sense. She couldn't land a single hit.

To put it bluntly, she didn't come close to touching her even once.

In the meantime, the thing that was bothering her was the fact that Norn's eyes were still blankly staring into space.

Pak.

Suddenly, she was caught by her collar.

Anastasia couldn't help but freeze for a moment in shock.

'What was that move just now?'

Norn didn't seem to care about Anastasia's struggles and instead created a spear in her other hand.

Crackle!

Norn quickly stepped back.

A flash of lightning then appeared between the two of them.

Frey narrowed his eyes as he looked at Norn, who appeared in the distance.

'She avoided my lightning?'

The bolt of lightning from Frey's hand moved at a speed that was much faster than the speed of sound.
(TL: I noticed it before, but the author might have some wrong ideas about the speed of light and sound...)

And he realised that it was almost impossible to avoid, even with the Demigods' monstrous reflexes.

When Norn avoided the lightning so easily, an unpleasant premonition flashed in Frey's mind. From what he could see, the difference in physical ability between Norn and Anastasia was not large.

However, Anastasia was not doing well despite being so close to her.

He was at a distance, so he was able to see what was going on more clearly. Norn moved as though she knew exactly where Anastasia's fists would go.

'Is it a prediction ability?'

He couldn't be sure.

Frey decided to confirm whether his thoughts were correct.

"Hyper Bolt."

He used the 6 star spell that was a strengthened and reinforced version of an Energy Bolt. It might have been insufficient to deal with a Demigod, but it wasn't a spell that was intended to kill Norn in the first place.

Dozens of Hyper Bolts shot towards Norn at the same time.

What he needed to do now was pay attention to what happened next.

Ching.

Norn shattered the first Hyper Bolt with the tip of her spear.

Anastasia was inwardly shocked.

While it was certainly just a 6 star spell, these Hyperbolts were still cast by Frey, the 9 star Great Mage.

Yet Norn had broken this spell as if it was just a snowball flying towards her.

But that was just the beginning of Norn's performance.

Papapat.

Norn's movements began accelerating.

Frey's expression hardened.

It wasn't an illusion. Her movements were definitely getting faster.

She neither used any technique nor concealed her power before.

The situation was much worse than that.

'She's adapting.'

Perhaps Verdandy's consciousness was slowly accepting the newly formed body of 'Norn'.

That wasn't good.

At first, she stood still and blocked all the Hyper Bolts that he sent to her, but now, she was moving a little.

Her pace was also becoming faster and faster, and before he knew it, she disappeared.

In the blink of an eye, Norn blocked all the Hyper Bolts and greatly shortened the distance between them.

"Kuk!"

Anastasia was forced to step up once again and engage in close combat with Norn.

Frey stayed back and kept his eyes on Norn's movements.

'It's not prediction.'

In order to predict your opponents' movements, it was necessary to keep your eyes on them. Their overall gestures, hand movements, and the movements of their muscles were all important factors.

However, in order to understand the true meaning behind your opponents' actions, it was necessary to pay attention to their faces, especially their eyes.

The more skilled the martial artist was, the more they would be able to see from their enemies eyes and the better they would be able to distinguish between true and false movement.

This was a rule that not even Riki, a being who stood at the peak of Demigods, could escape.

But Norn was different.

She continued to stare at nothing, yet she was able to predict her opponent's movements even better than Riki.

Dozens of Hyper Bolts, each with their own attack patterns, were unable to even touch her.

'It's not prediction.'

Frey had this thought once again.

But he wasn't sure exactly what ability she had.

He had to find out more.

Woowoong-

Frey took out the Great Sage's Staff.

Since she could even avoid Indra's lightning, then even if he used the Absolute Line, it would be hard for him to hit her.

So first, he needed to figure out just how large the range of her defense was.

The Great Sage's Staff.

It was a magic tool that made his spells more powerful, but it could not affect the power of Absolute. That was why Frey didn't use the staff during his fight with Milled.

"Step back a little."

There was no need to shout. With Anastasia's hearing, she could easily hear this murmur.

When she heard Frey's order, she nodded and moved away from Norn.

"Hells Rain."

With just this soft whisper, an 8 star spell was cast.

Kugugu-

Blood red clouds formed in the sky. From these clouds, red droplets that were highly acidic and incredibly toxic would begin to fall.

It wasn't a spell that could kill Demigods outright, but it also wasn't something that they could just ignore.

He'd deliberately chosen such a large-scale spell that was difficult to avoid.

'How will she deal with this?'

Frey paid attention to Norn's movements.

Just before the rain reached the ground, Norn bent her knees slightly.

Taht.

Then her body bounced up like a spring.

Frey's expression became one of shock. It wasn't just him either as Anastasia made a similar expression.

Paht!

Divine power burst out from Norn's spear. This divine power then crashed into the blood red clouds.

Fwoosh!

Her divine power completely shredded the red clouds to pieces.

These were artificial clouds that had been created with mana. But now, they had been destroyed before the liquid in them could even be released.

Frey was several times more shocked than when she had blocked his Hyper Bolts.

'How?'

Norn had just perfectly destroyed his Hell's Rain. Ripping the clouds apart before the blood red rain was even allowed to fall.

It was the only way to block Hell's Rain in advance.

This wasn't something that could be learned just from having experience fighting Wizards. Moreover, neither Urd, Skuld, nor Verdandy had shown any familiarity to magic the day before during their fight with Frey.

Nevertheless, Norn had just moved without hesitation as though she already knew the weakness of Hell's Rain.

"...!"

Frey was suddenly struck by a thought.

No way, was Norn's power...

...

She could see.

Information about the past, present, and future constantly flowed in her head.

At first, this information was mixed up, so she didn't know how to handle it, but she was gradually getting used to it.

She could see what movements her opponent would take. And in the future, she would become stronger and stronger.

If she could control this power perfectly, it was possible that she would be on par with Agni.

'Ahh.'

But Norn still shed tears.

The feeling completely could not cover the feeling of losing her family. What was more, she was afraid of the loneliness that she would feel in the future.

Her eyes turned to the grey-haired Wizard.

This was the only person in the world on whom she could vent her negative emotions.

'Frey Blake.'

She would never forgive him.

Season 1 Chapter 175: Choice and Awakening (1)

'She can see it.'

This was Frey's conclusion.

He wasn't sure about the details, but he was certain Norn saw Anastasia's attacks and what spells he would use before they were cast.

'Can she see the future?'

Or was it a similar ability?

Although it might have been possible to read Anastasia's movements, Hell's Rain was much harder to predict.

This was a difficult opponent.

They were completely unable to even scratch Norn with normal attacks.

In terms of physical ability, she was on par with Anastasia, but the problem was that Norn was getting progressively faster.

The moment she became accustomed to her strength, the delicate balance they'd created would be broken.

And Anastasia's defeat would certainly mean Frey's death.

Crack!

"Kuk!"

Anastasia grunted as a spear stabbed into her shoulder.

She frowned and grabbed it.

Norn opened her mouth for the first time.

“You’re struggling.”

She lifted her spear.

Like a fish stuck to a harpoon, Anastasia went with it.

Then, she was slammed into the ground in that state.

Bang!

The ground was made of sand, but that did nothing to cushion the impact.

With an unimaginable scream, Anastasia coughed up a mouthful of blood.

Suddenly, Absolute Line shot out from Frey's hand. Combined with Indra's power, this attack moved faster than anything else.

Nevertheless, Norn dodged this attack without even looking at it.

She made it seem easy to avoid the rays of light that surpassed the speed of sound. (TL: *sigh*)

'I have to limit Norn's movements somehow.'

What could he do?

The opponent was a Demigod who was probably only a little below the Apocalypses. The higher her level, the higher her general abilities were.

Their bodies' durability and resistance were no lesser when compared to monsters.

'No spell below 7 stars would work.'

That meant he had to use 8 star spells.

Hell's Rain failed once already. There was no need to use it again.

'Another Sun, Tornado, Ice Age, Mantle Rage.'

Most 8 star spells had monstrous ranges. Not only would Anastasia be included, but even those still in the city would be in danger.

There might still be survivors in the city, so he wouldn't willingly endanger them for no good reason.

'...'

Frey suddenly had a thought.

If the range was too wide, why not shrink it?

'I'll condense it.'

Whoosh-

Ice started forming on his palm.

Norn looked at him for the first time.

Then, she threw Anastasia away and rushed towards Frey.

“Do you think I’d let you go so easily?”

Anastasia rushed after her.

The wound on her shoulder had already healed completely. The formidable amount of ME in her magic core healed the damage almost instantly.

Some energy would be lost as a result, but this was a Golem body created by the best alchemists on the continent.

‘It’s unbelievably efficient!’

Even if her body pierced 100 times, she would be able to recover instantly.

‘Even while using magic martial arts and imitating Lucid.’

Anastasia remembered Frey’s advice.

She couldn’t move exactly like Lucid. All she could remember was the reassurance she felt whenever Lucid stood in front of her.

Wizards were usually full of flaws when casting spells or planning strategies.

It couldn't be helped.

There were moments when they had to desperately focus on making a plan, especially in the middle of fierce battles where one couldn't even predict what would happen next.

But Lukas, Schweiser, and maybe even Iris never had to worry about their flaws.

Because Lucid was there. Because they could be completely confident that he would stand in front of them and protect them.

'I have to let him feel the same.'

She had to assure Frey he was safe.

Only then would he be able to make use of his abilities more perfectly.

The moments when the Great Mage, Lukas Trowman, stood out the most, was when he could display his resourcefulness and tactical capabilities on the battlefield.

Anastasia believed in Frey.

So now, she had to make Frey believe in her too. That was her sole responsibility.

Pwak!

Suddenly, an explosive chill hit Norn.

Anastasia couldn't help but look at this scene with a blank expression.

'That spell...'

She was certain.

The range was much shorter, but this was without a doubt the 8 star spell Ice Age.

Anastasia couldn't help but give an absurd smile.

'Modifying a spell that was already created?'

This was none other than an 8 star spell. Hundreds of Wizards would have been needed to modify it.

Yet on this battlefield, in the blink of an eye, he'd boldly carried out such a risky modification and succeeded perfectly!

"Hahaha!"

As expected.

We needed you, Lucas.

Norn didn't avoid the cold.

Instead, she gathered her divine power at the tip of her spear. It was the same method she used for Hell's Rain.

She once again planned to destroy Frey's spell head-on.

8 star spells, which looked like forces of nature at first glance, were just miracles created with mana. However, they could be destroyed with a higher concentration of divine power.

In truth, Norn's judgement was correct. Unfortunately, there was something she overlooked, Anastasia.

To be exact, she overlooked the power Anastasia was hiding.

After all, even she, who could see the future, could not make decisions instantaneously.

Anastasia suddenly accelerated.

Paak!

For the first time since the surprise attack at the beginning, she managed to land a blow.

Norn's brain shook violently because of the attack.

She was stunned for a moment, but her resilience as a Demigod showcased itself at that moment as she quickly came back to her senses.

However, Frey's Ice Age was already upon her.

Shek!

The Ice Age that shot out from Frey's fingers froze Norn's body in an instant.

The rage of Norn, who had been frozen once again, erupted like a volcano.

"You can't freeze me again!"

It wasn't possible. Not unless he had Elliah's power.

But he'd still tied her down. That much was unavoidable.

Piht.

The attack pierced her, but Frey clicked his tongue.

She had twisted her body to the limit just before it reached. Originally, he had been aiming for her heart, but he only managed to pierce her left shoulder instead.

Of course, it was still a meaningful blow.

At least it meant that she wouldn't be able to use her left arm for the rest of this battle.

Nevertheless, it was a shame.

"That power isn't something you can handle!"

The ice broke following Norn's outraged roar.

But Anastasia prevented her from acting impulsively and charging towards Frey.

Frey also realised that Anastasia's movements were much lighter and faster now.

'Did she increase the output?'

Probably.

The inherent power within her was 1 million ME, and the ME expended to perform simple actions was almost insignificant. But if it was such a tough fight, then it would be a completely different story.

'It's at least 10,000 ME per minute.'

Her fists contained enough strength to destroy a castle. So that much consumption was inevitable.

However, the problem was that Anastasia had increased her output. While her physical ability might have increased accordingly, it was a double edged sword.

Considering the ME she'd consumed so far, no one knew just how much she would be able to fight in the future.

But she still decided to take the risk.

Norn was strong. She was an enemy whom Frey and Anastasia would not have been able to deal with in the past, so she had to use this opportunity.

At the moment, she was still not completely used to her body. So this was the perfect chance to take the upper hand.

Anastasia's judgement was correct.

Bam bam bam!

Norn and Anastasia engaged in a brutal melee battle. One with her fists and the other with a spear, they destroyed the buildings around them like they were simply sandcastles.

Despite the dust cloud they created, Frey could see that Norn was at a disadvantage.

This was inevitable.

She had to deal with Anastasia's sudden increase in power, her left shoulder injury, and Frey's harassment.

'This is our chance to win.'

All that was left was to find a flaw.

After using his spells to disturb Norn's concentration and force an error, he would be able to use Absolute Line to end the battle.

He was certain that he wouldn't miss this time.

"...!!"

His instincts screamed.

Puk.

But a dagger stabbed him in the back before he was able to fully register what was happening.

Luckily, he'd managed to twist himself in order to make it miss any vital spots, but his back was still wounded.

Frey stumbled.

That wasn't all. He felt something approaching him.

It wasn't Norn. She was still locked in combat with Anastasia.

Crackle!

Electricity was released from his body, forming a membrane around him. Something hit his Lightning Barrier immediately after.

Frey took a deep breath while looking at the man who had appeared.

The man pretended to brush dust off of his clothes as he said.

“You’re pretty amazing for a human. Did you sense my divine power at that moment?”

“...are you... also a Demigod?”

“That’s right.”

He was a strangely small, ugly-looking boy. Probably not more than 100cm tall.

His back was hunched, and his nose was long. His eyes were long slits.

His appearance was more similar to that of a Demon or an Imp rather than that of a Demigod.

The Demigod smiled and said.

“You’re probably the core of the mortals. Lord’s judgement wasn’t wrong.”

“Lord...?”

“He brought me to this desert.”

Frey looked confused, but the Demigod, Sunsir, didn't feel like elaborating.

He was a being who could move in the shadows, and even other Demigods were unable to find him. On the continent, Lord was the only one who could see through his cover.

Even Agni didn't know that Sunsir was in the desert.

Sunsir looked at Frey.

He was definitely extraordinary. At the final moment, he had sensed his divine power and managed to avoid the fatal blow.

This was something that even some Demigods were unable to do.

Originally, his dagger would've been stuck right in his heart.

Sunsir was Lord's most covert weapon. His hidden dagger.

In fact, most Demigods didn't even know of his existence.

So at first, he wondered. Should he reveal his presence just to kill a human?

He felt it was a bad choice.

However, when he saw this human for himself, that thought quickly disappeared.

'This guy is dangerous.'

Norn had returned to her original form.

In this form, her strength was comparable to an Apocalypse's. So at first, Sunsir simply observed the situation.

Because he thought she would be able to defeat these two in an instant.

After all, they were fighting against a Demigod, a powerful one at that. But in the end, he was made witness to the strange scene of these two people suppressing Norn.

Therefore, Sunsir stepped up.

If he remained in the shadows, Norn would certainly be defeated.

“Goodbye.”

Sunsir muttered softly.

Just as Frey was about to respond, his body shook heavily and he felt the world begin to spin.

“The blade I cut you with is covered in Ananta’s poison. There’s nothing you can do about it, Wizard.”

Even Sunsir’s voice had become very faint.

Frey couldn’t believe it.

He never imagined something like this could happen.

A Demigod who hid his power and specialised in sneak attacks? Did he ever calculate such a possibility?

‘Kuh...’

He didn’t think so.

He didn’t know where his thoughts came from, but he felt disbelief at his current situation.

He was just going to die here? In such vain?

It was a completely unthinkable end.

Frey clenched his jaw.

He desperately tried to hold on to his fading consciousness, but it wasn't working.

He felt the taste of blood on his tongue, but despite biting his lip so hard, there was no pain.

He felt his entire body become paralysed.

He felt his consciousness sink.

'...'

Frey fell forward, and Sunsir walked towards him.

This human was extremely dangerous, so he intended to assure his death.

His mission would be over when Anastasia, who was fighting against Norn, was also killed.

However, Sunsir suddenly stopped walking.

Paat.

Light seemed to gush out of Frey's body.

No, it wasn't his body.

The light came from the bag hanging at his waist.

Season 1 Chapter 176: Choice and Awakening (2)

Shortly after Frey woke up, he realised that the place he was in was not real.

It was his mental world.

Frey was floating there.

"You've reached your limit."

Then, he heard a voice.

Turning around, he saw a man with shining blonde hair and a beard.

He'd seen this face before.

Right.

He'd only seen the face.

This was the Demigod, Indra, whose head Riki had brought and shown him. He was currently looking at Frey with a cold smile.

"You worked pretty hard for a human. However..."

Boom!

Frey didn't even get the chance to scream.

It was as if every cell in his body cried out at the same time.

Frey thought he had developed a strong tolerance for pain, but the pain he felt from the bolt of lightning was beyond imagination.

"That doesn't change the fact that you're mortal."

“You can’t defeat the Demigods.”

Puk.

An arrow was shot into Frey’s charred body, causing it to spaz and convulse.

It was Milled who had made his appearance this time.

“You guys...”

Frey tried to use a spell.

However, his mana refused to move.

His expression hardened. He recalled what happened just before he lost consciousness.

The feeling that he couldn’t even move a muscle was still vivid.

Reality and the mental world were closely connected.

This was inevitable.

After all, this was where Frey's consciousness resided.

That was why he could not move as he desired. The situation in reality was affecting him even now.

"Hahaha! They're quite interesting, those memories of yours. Right... so you turned out to be the Great Mage Lukas Trowman."

"The tenacity to not give up even after being trapped in the Abyss. I'd say you were worth a lot just because of that."

Was it possible that their egos* existed in the mass of energy known as divine power? Or vice versa? (TL: Ego here meaning their sense of self)

Or was this all just an illusion?

He wasn't sure, and he couldn't continue that line of thought because his mind was hazy from the pain.

"You didn't think you'd completely absorbed the divine power, did you?"

"Or did you think we Demigods would easily give our strength to a mortal like you?"

The Demigods approached Frey while asking these questions.

“You won’t be able to make a comeback this time. It’ll be different from that time in the Abyss.”

“Because we’re going to tear your mind apart. It’ll be in such a miserable state that you will never be able to put it back together.”

“Then, we’ll use your disgusting body.”

“You should be grateful. Kukuku...”

They wanted to take his body?

‘Don’t talk rubbish.’

Frey wanted to shout those words. But he couldn’t even open his mouth.

“First, let’s see if we can destroy your mind.”

“I wonder how long you’ll last.”

With those words, torture that Frey had never experienced in his life began.

....

....

Time passed.

How much time had passed?

Frey had no idea.

He thought he'd get used to the pain, but he didn't. Indra's lightning wasn't just burning Frey's body.

Every time the lightning struck, it cut Frey's soul.

Once, twice. No, even if it happened dozens or even hundreds of times, he would be fine.

However, when that number changed to thousands and tens of thousands, it became a different story entirely.

"You're a monster."

It was Indra's voice.

But he didn't hear what he said.

Boom!

The lightning struck once again. And he felt the pain once again.

Frey wished the Lightning wouldn't strike him any more.

"If you were any other human, your ego would have already crumbled by now."

"It doesn't matter. He seems to be at his limit."

Frey was confident that he wouldn't break.

He thought that his mental power was stronger than anything else.

However, they weren't trying to break Frey's soul.

'They're trying to get rid of... my ego.'

His consciousness had already drifted many times by now.

Frey knew what that meant.

They were trying to remove Frey's image from this mental world. (TL: T~T the author keeps using words with similar meanings and it's really hard to translate it properly)

This meant that Frey's ego was dying.

Their plan was to destroy Frey's spirit.

“...”

No way. Absolutely not.

Frey struggled.

He had the confidence that he would never back down.

However, being broken was a different story.

‘The next one.’

He was certain.

If he was hit again, Frey would lose consciousness.

That was it.

The two Demigods would then take control of his empty body.

“Goodbye.”

Indra’s voice sounded out again, and Frey was sure it was the last thing he’d hear.

“...”

“...”

The lightning didn’t come.

No. That wasn’t all.

The atmosphere suddenly changed. For the first time, silence lingered in the mental world.

Then he heard the sound of footsteps. Footsteps that didn't belong to either Indra or Milled.

There was another person in this world.

"...how?"

Who was he looking at?

Frey wasn't sure.

His eyes had been burned. But his vision was slowly returning. This was only possible because it was the mental world.

As soon as he saw the man standing in the distance, Frey forgot how to speak.

Indra roughly chewed out some words.

"How can you be here?"

"..."

"Answer me...! Riki...!"

Riki didn't answer.

Chuk.

As always, he only drew his sword.

* * *

Boom!

A thunderstorm raged around Indra. This wasn't a Lightning Barrier.

It wasn't a curtain, but instead, it had become a pillar of lightning.

This was the first time Frey had seen something like this,

It was probably because the Apostle, Lukes, did not have the power to use such an ability before he died.

Frey thought about the principles behind it.

Paht.

Indra's figure disappeared.

Frey's eyeballs had finished regenerating, but he still couldn't follow his movements.

It was truly a scary scene.

He was clearly moving at the speed of light.

A thunderstorm raged in the mental world. Lightning striking down everywhere.

Standing in the center of this storm made Riki's situation appear precarious. But there was nothing to worry about.

If this man was really the Riki Frey knew, then there would be no problem.

Riki didn't change his stance. He simply stood there with his eyes staring off into the distance, his sword hanging at his side.

Then, his eyes turned to his left.

—

In that instant, it was as if the thunderstorm that had been crashing down all around him had stopped.

Riki drew a diagonal line with his sword.

And after a brief sound, the dark clouds scattered and the lightning went away.

[H...ow...]

It was Indra's voice.

However, his appearance was very different from before he disappeared. His entire body appeared to be made out of lightning.

Frey realised that it was the transcendent body that some of the Demigods had.

In this state, most attacks wouldn't have any effect on the Demigods. They might even be able to resist the power of Absolute to an extent.

Despite this, Indra's body had been cut in half diagonally. From his left collarbone to his right waist.

The cause of this went without saying.

[How did you cut me so easily...?]

Indra seemed to plead to Riki for an answer.

But Riki still refused to say a word.

[Riki...]

Ssss.

Indra's large figure faded before disappearing completely.

Milled pulled his bowstring with a stiff expression on his face. His reaction had come too late.

He should have collaborated with Indra when he was alive. It was a belated regret.

If he had to make an excuse, he would say that he didn't expect Indra to die so easily.

"Huh?"

As he looked down, his bow string snapped. It had been cut.

“When the hell...”

Crack.

Suddenly, his bow was also sliced into two pieces.

Riki returned his sword back to its sheath.

It was only then when Milled was able to vaguely understand what happened.

He stuttered in disbelief.

“I can’t...”

Puuk!

Then, Milled’s chest cracked open and blood spilled out like a waterfall.

The fallen Milled faded and disappeared like Indra had.

“...”

Frey wasn't surprised.

It was hard to imagine the egos of two Demigods disappearing in an instant, but if their opponent was Riki, it became easy to understand.

He forced himself to get up off the ground, his entire body screaming violently.

Frey clenched his fist shakily.

He wasn't fooled. This was just an over-exaggeration from his mind. This place was just a mental world, after all. And his body wasn't real.

Although he felt the pain, there was nothing wrong with his real body.

"I didn't think I'd see you again."

It was his own voice, but it sounded strange. Maybe it was because his tongue had also been burnt.

Frey mumbled to himself a few times.

Every time, he felt an indescribable pain, but he forced himself to put up with it and continue talking.

“Are you the Riki I used to know?”

“I’m just a residual thought.”

Riki opened his mouth for the first time.

He wasn’t exactly sure what being a residual thought meant, but he still somewhat understood what he was saying.

A residual thought. In other words, it meant that this Riki wasn’t the real Riki. And the Indra and Milled who disappeared were the same.

“I haven’t absorbed your crystal yet...”

“You were poisoned by Ananta. The poison he uses is an extremely potent one known as the liquid of death. If it hadn’t been for the crystal I left, you would be dead.”

Frey let out a breath.

“Does that mean I’m still alive?”

“You’re barely alive, but that doesn’t matter in this world.”

“Why?”

“Because the moment before death is like an eternity. You don’t need to hurry.”

The moment before death.

This moment, which was less than a second, was in fact extremely long.

This was also possible because Frey was in his mental world.

After understanding Riki’s words again, Frey spoke up.

“In any case, thanks for your he-”

“Make a choice.”

Riki cut off his words of gratitude and raised his hand.

In it, was a bead.

Frey was stunned.

This was the crystal Riki left after his death.

Season 1 Chapter 177: Choice and Awakening (3)

Choose.

It might have sounded out of the blue, but the moment he heard it, Frey knew what he meant.

Mana and divine power.

Human and Demigod.

Mortal and transcendent.

Riki looked at Frey with his distinctive, lonely gaze.

“...what would happen if I were to accept that?”

“You’d become similar to a Demigod.”

Riki’s response was brief. (TL: In hangul maybe...)

As if he already knew the result that even Elliah didn't.

"You won't feel the changes at first. However, as time goes by, you might become more and more stained by my thoughts. As well as Milled and Indra who just disappeared. They aren't completely dead. They will wait for other opportunities to take over your body."

He felt reluctance deep inside of him. If what Riki said was true, then it was a much more serious problem than simply losing his mana.

His personality and thoughts would change. Then, he would no longer be able to call himself Frey.

He would become like the Demigods, whom he hated most?

That was completely unacceptable.

Frey Blake, no, Lukas Trowman's ego reacted violently to such a thought.

Frey grit his teeth.

The issue with delaying this choice came to mind immediately. (TL: fun fact: 'Crystal' and 'Decision' are the same word ^-^ wrap your head around that one.)

"So even if I accept the divine power, it will only be the road to destruction."

“That’s right.”

“But if I don’t accept the divine power...”

“You’ll die. Ananta’s poison has already penetrated deep into your body. You cannot drive it out with your current divine power or your mana.”

He didn’t even have a choice.

Frey almost collapsed.

He knew the crystal in Riki’s hand was not the real crystal. It was just symbolic.

However, if Frey was to accept the crystal, his real body would also fully accept Riki’s crystal.

Frey’s body would be filled with an enormous amount of divine power several times more than ordinary Demigods’.

And he would no longer be human.

He hated the thought of that.

With all his heart. In fact, he'd rather die.

But he knew he couldn't.

Frey thought about what would happen if he died.

First, Anastasia and Schweiser would die. His friend, who had finally awoken after a long sleep, would die in vain. Ivan and the rest would also be wiped out by Agni.

Beniang, Snow, and Nora would die there.

Lord had already taken control of the Kastkau Empire and would soon begin to wipe out the Circle's forces there.

Paragon's situation would also not be good.

They had more potential than the Circle, but they could not face the Demigods, who had stopped hiding themselves, on their own.

That was how important the fight in this desert was.

In short, the existence of the entire continent was at stake.

Frey's death would not be alone.

'I have to accept it.'

Frey stretched his hand forward.

'As long as even a tiny bit of humanity remains in me, I will use my divine power to fight against the Demigods.'

Hoping that this firm determination would never be shaken, Frey's outstretched fingers touched the bead.

"..."

No.

They stopped just before he could grab it.

Frey's expression changed.

After he stopped, he looked up at Riki, who was still looking at him with an expressionless face.

He felt something strange.

Was it instinct?

No. It was not something so dull.

There was a sense of logic in this strange feeling. He couldn't fully explain it.

If only he could explain it, if only he knew where this strange feeling came from...

He had to think.

Did he miss something? Was there anything that stood out?

Anything was fine, so he needed a hint...

"Ah."

[Make a choice.]

These were the words Riki had said to him.

It was weird.

Choose?

Riki's suggestion wasn't much of a choice. If he didn't accept the divine power, he'd die.

To be obstinate and die instead of accepting the divine power.

Could that even be considered an option?

'No.'

That wasn't an option.

Riki wasn't a fool. He would never make such a foolish suggestion.

So was there another way?

That shouldn't have been the case either. If there was, he had no reason to hide it.

Frey looked at Riki's face again.

As he looked at him, he couldn't help but feel that there was a faint hint of expectation hidden in his gaze.

"No."

Right. He wouldn't.

Frey raised his head as he mumbled that word, and the anxiety disappeared from his face.

A change finally took place on Riki's expressionless face.

"What did you say?"

"There aren't two options."

Frey made a quick decision.

"I will accept the divine power."

"..."

“But I won’t give up my mana.”

Riki looked at Frey’s expression with a blank face.

His confidence had returned. His eyes shined like a sage who’d found the answer to a question that plagued him for a long time.

“You want to have the two powers together. You’re greedy.”

“You already knew that.”

“Huht. You’re right.”

Riki snorted.

It was the first time he’d expressed any emotion in the mental world.

“I was waiting for that.”

Right.

This man was Riki. Although he was only a residual thought, he was still Riki in the end.

That's why he saved him.

Riki had many expectations for the humans. He believed that Frey would choose the third option.

And disappointing Riki would be no different from insulting Lucid.

"But how? It's not possible to simply have the two powers."

"The moment of death is like an eternity."

Frey looked around, repeating what Riki said.

The mental world.

This was a white space with nothing in it. But it was different from the Abyss.

There, only darkness lurked.

"How long can I stay here?"

“That depends on your mental power. It could be decades or even hundreds of years. If it was a normal human, his mind might just collapse, but for you...”

“That’s good enough.”

Frey was probably the only human who could say that.

Riki shook his head.

“Right. Only you deserve to say that.”

Frey looked down at his hand.

The situation was better than before. His mana released bit by bit.

As time passed, the flow became smoother and smoother.

“You said Indra and Milled are not completely dead, right?”

“Right.”

“Can you bring Indra back?”

Riki's eyes lit up as he understood Frey's thoughts.

"You intend to use him as a training partner. That's a good idea. At first, you can fight him alone and then fight both as you get used to it. If you can defeat both of them, then you'll probably be able to handle the situation outside."

"That alone isn't enough."

"What?"

Frey locked gazes with Riki,

"I want to beat you too."

Riki was lost for words.

Then he suddenly smiled brightly and said.

"It will be difficult."

Frey nodded.

Difficult?

No, it would be impossible for the current him. But he had to.

This Riki, who was only a residual thought, was probably weaker than his real body. So if he couldn't even defeat this Riki, he shouldn't even think about defeating Lord.

Riki was one of the mountains who needed to be overcome in his journey to his long-cherished goal.

'Hundreds of years.'

Frey decided not to think too deeply about how long it would take.

Achieving his goals came first, and he knew just how ridiculous his goals were.

Rather than defeating Indra, Milled, and Riki, it would be much more difficult to find a way to absorb the crystal without losing his mana. But he would achieve it.

He was certain of it.

Frey would never give up because he was tired.

When he left this place, it would have been after he had already accomplished everything he set out to do.

* * *

Mental World.

The only way to calculate the passage of time were the appearances of Milled and Indra.

“Riki...!”

“You guys, I’ll never forgive...!”

The bodies of the two Demigods disappeared in a shower of blood.

They glared at Riki before they died, but there was nothing they could do.

Riki muttered.

“It’s a week.”

“What do you mean?”

“How long it takes them to reappear.”

At Riki’s words, Frey couldn’t help but ask with an incredulous expression.

“How did you know that?”

“Because I was counting.”

“What?”

“We should keep track of how much time has passed. There may be some errors, but this is the mental world anyway. There’s no need to be perfect.”

“...”

Frey looked speechlessly at Riki who simply sheathed his sword without saying anything else.

Frey also turned his head.

Because this wasn’t the time to be distracted by other things.

“I can’t defeat them in my current state.”

“I know. Focus on what you’re doing. I’ll handle them for now so that they don’t get in the way.”

Riki crossed his arms as he said those words.

Frey knew he wouldn’t have to worry about Indra or Milled anymore. Even if he didn’t pay attention to their appearances, Riki would take care of them. He would protect him.

Frey sat down in the white, empty space and closed his eyes.

“...”

He could feel the mana in his body, but it was faint. It was strange.

Even though his body in reality couldn’t even move a finger, Frey’s spirit was extremely stable at the moment.

Even if he couldn’t use it freely, he should still have been able to use his mana to a certain extent.

‘...or.’

After a sudden thought, he tried to call upon his divine power as a test.

Crackle.

Indra's lightning power responded immediately. Its strength had not diminished at all.

Frey's expression changed.

'Divine power is also affected by mental power to an extent.'

It wasn't to the same extent as his mana, but there was still a bit of influence.

Only then did Frey understand the situation in his body.

His mana couldn't be used because he was on the brink of death. It was also possible that it had something to do with Riki's crystal. Perhaps his body had already absorbed a part of it, and as a result, the balance Elliah had told him about had been broken.

This would explain why it was so difficult to use his mana.

So the problem was his mana.

He couldn't do anything with the small amount he was sensing. So the first thing he had to do was increase the amount of mana he could draw upon.

He had a clue.

And surprisingly, this clue was actually his divine power. Depending on how it was processed, it could be used as a material to create an elixir which increased his mana capacity.

In other words, divine power could be converted into mana.

In fact, a similar phenomenon was currently happening in his body.

The first thing that Frey noticed was the change that was taking place within him. His weak mana was slowly flowing towards his divine power. The divine power then violently swallowed the mana.

And after convulsing a few times, the mana would begin to change its properties, becoming part of the divine power.

“...”

This was a characteristic of the energy known as divine power. It was particularly aggressive and ferocious towards his mana.

That was why Frey always thought mana and divine power were poles apart.

But that didn't seem to be the case. It seemed that divine power would not tolerate any other type of energy other than itself. So even if it was a type of energy other than mana, the divine power would react in the same way.

What Frey paid attention to was the process of the mana turning into divine force.

'Surround, devour, and taint.'

The mana was completely transformed into divine power. If so, then that meant the opposite was also possible.

The divine power that flowed in his body could be converted into mana.

In a way, it was a method similar to the 'battle' training method he used in the past.

But the risk was much higher.

This was because it wasn't a fight between two forces of mana. Instead, he wanted to weaken the divine power to then devour it with his mana.

However, his divine power was not so meek. It ran around violently as it pleased.

It wasn't as obedient as his mana and seemed to have no intention of changing its nature.

That was because that was one of the properties of mana.

Even when the mana in Frey's body was stronger than his divine power, it didn't try to devour it. However, as soon as his divine power gained dominance, it immediately started to devour his mana.

'No, you don't.'

It could be considered a difference in opinion.

Now, the mana was the weak one. And seeking harmony was never something the weak could pursue.

The weak needed to be a little hungrier. Needed to be more ferocious. More ruthless.

If it didn't do that, his divine power would never change.

He had to change his mana.

"Haha..."

Frey realised what he'd just been thinking and burst out laughing. This was because the thoughts he'd just had were extremely amusing.

He was thinking about changing the very nature of mana itself.

Had there been anyone in the history of the study of Magical Science who had dared to think in such a way?

He wasn't even sure if it was possible or not.

In other words, the odds of him succeeding were incredibly low.

But if he could do it, if he could change the very nature of mana itself...

Perhaps that would be the first step towards the mythical 10 stars stage.

Season 1 Chapter 178: Choice and Awakening (4)

Frey had a hint.

Absolute.

It was the power gained upon reaching 9 stars, and its source lied in mana. Unfortunately, it was basically an independent power that couldn't really be considered a derived ability.

So what Frey had to do was dig into the transformation process.

The analysis had to be repeated. And he was confident in his ability to think about the same topic over and over.

When it came to concentration, Frey was certain that he would never lose to anyone.

In addition, he was in a place where he didn't have to worry about his biological needs at all.

He didn't need food or water, he didn't need to pass waste, and he didn't need to sleep.

As long as his mental power could support it, he could concentrate on one thought for as long as he wanted.

Wasn't this basically a heavenly training space?

"..."

Riki was the only one who paid attention to the passage of time. He cut down the Demigods who appeared at regular intervals while Frey immersed himself in his thoughts with his eyes closed.

After Riki had killed the Demigods about 10 times, in other words, roughly two months and ten days later, Frey opened his eyes for the first time.

It was faint, but he'd grasped a hint. And in truth, he had grasped it in a completely unexpected moment.

It wasn't Absolute. It was his divine power.

It occurred while Frey was paying attention to the moment when his divine power devoured his mana.

At that time, he watched the scene when the nature of his mana was changed. And he noticed that there was a moment, short enough to be called an instant before his mana transformed into divine power.

At that moment, something that was neither divine power nor mana appeared within him.

It wasn't something that could be explained in one or two words.

Frey wanted to examine this power more closely.

Unfortunately, such a task was by no means easy. It only happened for a short moment as his divine power did not let it survive for very long.

In the end, it took him about half a year before he was able to get a hold of the power.

“ ... ”

As he inspected it, Frey couldn't help but wonder how he could describe this power.

It was neither divine power nor mana. But it had the properties of both powers. The ferocity of divine power, and the harmony of mana.

"Divine magic power."

Frey decided to temporarily call it this name.

"This is it."

It was this power.

He was certain.

This power was the key to gaining control over both divine power and mana. The only problem was that it was still scattered.

First of all, simply collecting the divine magic power was hard enough. It took him half a year just to get an amount that was only about the size of a fingernail.

In addition, it was easily swept away by either side because it was a third party.

If it went too close to divine power, it became divine power, and if it went too close to mana, it became mana.

In fact, it didn't take very long for his hard-won divine magic power to be devoured by his divine power.

When a half year's worth of effort disappeared in an instant, Frey couldn't help but feel a burst of helplessness.

'I have to be more careful.'

Frey settled his mind and began to work on it once again.

Since he'd accomplished it before, it was much easier the second time around. It took him about a month before he could once again get his hands on divine magic power.

He definitely wouldn't let this one disappear in vain...

Unfortunately, even with this determination, it only took a few days for Frey to lose his divine magic power once again.

This wasn't because his concentration was lacking. He didn't make any mistakes.

It was simply because the divine magic power was extremely hard to deal with.

Frey knew there were many types of energy, including his mana and divine power, but he was certain that there was no energy as sensitive as that one.

'Good.'

This thought gave him a burst of fighting spirit.

But despite his thoughts, Frey decided to relax a little.

He still had a lot of time. And as he worked with it, Frey felt that he was becoming more and more familiar with it.

So this time, he would certainly be much more efficient and faster than last time.

Let's do it.

No matter how long it took, he was going to make the divine magic power his own. This ever changing power which could be used as either divine power or mana.

If he got this power under control, he wouldn't have to worry about the worst case scenario or, in other words, transforming into a Demigod.

* * *

At some point, Frey stopped counting dates.

Originally, based on the cycles of Milled and Indra's appearances, he could calculate the time, but there was no room for such things in his head.

Instead, he concentrated so much that all of his hair turned white.

And before he knew it, his divine magic power, which was minuscule at first, had become quite large.

The divine magic power was like a snowball. When it was small, it broke easily and melted, but after it grew bigger, you didn't really need to worry about it anymore.

What was even more surprising was the aggression displayed by the divine magic power.

This power was much more aggressive than divine power. And after confirming this fact, Frey decided to change his actions.

Instead of extracting the divine magic power after feeding his mana to his divine power, he decided to make the divine magic power fight against the divine power directly and conquer it.

And so, a full-fledged war began.

Even this was not an easy task. It took a very long time.

Sometimes, his divine magic power lost, but it won many more times.

And eventually, Frey was able to transform all of his divine power into divine magic power.

The power in his body right now was ferocious yet harmonious; it was completely under Frey's control.

He had suffered a lot to reach this stage.

Frey was only human.

Even if he had experience in the Abyss, it was natural that he would also get tired.

But what was important was to never break, to never give up.

'Step one is complete.'

The minimum preparations had been completed.

Frey turned to Riki.

He had started training in earnest and hadn't even bothered to talk to him at all. It must have been quite boring.

Frey didn't say anything. He simply looked at Riki.

All he'd done this whole time was cut down the Demigods who appeared every week. But today, he was going to lose even this job.

"This time, I will fight."

Riki nodded as if he had been expecting this.

* * *

-Defeated.

It couldn't even be called a fight.

His divine magic power to be called very obedient—it wasn't wrong to say this, but it seemed that this only applied to peaceful situations.

As soon as he entered battle, the divine magic power began to rage so violently that it absolutely could not be compared to its docile state.

He'd obviously thought about summoning lightning, but he'd received mana instead.

Conversely, when he tried to cast a spell, he received lightning power.

The divine magic power was shaken like a reed in a storm, unable to showcase its power even slightly.

“ ... ”

Riki simply watched on from the side.

Even when Frey was burnt to a crisp by Indra's lightning, Riki showed no intention to help. And Frey also didn't intend to ask for help.

-Defeated.

He got used to using his divine magic power to an extent.

Nevertheless, it was still incredibly hard to fight Indra.

In particular, it was almost impossible to deal with him when he entered his Thunder God form. Usually, all he would see was a flash of light, and his entire body would become a piece of charcoal.

He felt the pain every time.

If a normal person were to go through something like that dozens or even hundreds of times a day, they would certainly break down. But he didn't break.

It wasn't that he didn't feel anything. After all, it was impossible to be insensitive to pain.

However, he had developed a bit of a tolerance.

Physical pain no longer had any effect on Frey. Even if it was the pain of being burned by lightning.

-Defeated.

Has it been a decade yet?

He wasn't sure. And in all honesty, he didn't particularly care.

As had been mentioned earlier, Frey didn't pay much to the passage of time.

Perhaps if he asked Riki, he'd get an answer of how long they'd been staying there, but he wasn't interested.

By the time Frey gradually began to fight back, Indra tried to persuade Riki.

“It’s not too late, Riki. If we work together, it wouldn’t be hard at all to claim this body. Won’t you correct your mistakes? I’ll talk to Lord. I’m sure he’d forgive you.”

It had no effect.

Riki only responded to them by swinging his sword.

So he drew his sword and turned to Frey.

“Will you keep going?”

“I still have a long way to go.”

“Right.”

And so, the first conversation in a decade ended in such a way.

Silence fell once again, and more time passed.

* * *

Victory.

He'd finally defeated Indra.

He'd used a lot of tricks, and his entire body was covered in grievous injuries, but it was undeniable that he'd won.

The decisive factor was the difference in willpower.

As time passed, Indra began losing concentration. His sharp reflexes began to dull, and he occasionally made mistakes while controlling his divine power.

Frey, on the other hand, continued to improve his control of his divine magic power.

It was now possible for him to differentiate between the two powers to an extent. And from that point on, his proficiency exploded.

The vessel was enough.

Not to mention controlling mana, he was somewhat used to using divine power as well.

Now, all that Frey needed was the opportunity.

It was only difficult at first. But once he began to win, his win rate steadily increased.

Every ten fights, he won once. But even then, it was usually only by a fluke.

But as time went by, the winning percentage went up.

Two out of ten, three, four...

Soon, his winning percentage exceeded half.

Indra took a step back.

[Impossible...]

This was the mental world. Indra had viewed Frey's memories here and found out he was Lukas Trowman, the Great Mage from 4,000 years ago.

Not only that. He'd also seen memories of the time Frey spent in the Abyss.

'What's going on?'

At first, he only thought Frey was pretty good for a human. That was it.

But it was different now. Indra couldn't help but feel that he was lacking when compared to Frey's mental power.

'Is this human's mental power really stronger than mine?'

It was unacceptable.

Even with all the evidence in front of him, Indra refused to believe this fact.

But it was also true that he was thoroughly shaken now. His divine power didn't move as he wanted it to.

This was the best proof that his composure had been broken.

What was more, Frey was even learning his abilities.

Indra knew that he used the power of lightning. But in the eyes of the true master, Frey's abilities were not much.

Sure, the technique which combined the lightning with the power of Absolute was powerful, but that only utilised the speed of the lightning.

But that wasn't it.

The true power of lightning wasn't just limited to speed. Simply by having this power, Indra could rank among the top Demigods.

'He's dangerous.'

Indra could no longer pay attention to stealing Frey's body.

If this guy completely mastered this strange and unknown power that he had and if he learned to use the power of lightning as well as Indra himself...

It wouldn't be a joke.

He would become the worst 'enemy' the Demigods had ever faced. Indra didn't even feel this sense of crisis when they fought the Dragons in the past.

Therefore, Indra went all out in his fights against Frey. He no longer looked down on this opponent because he was human or mortal.

But it was already too late.

Frey had become completely obsessed with divine magic power.

He'd fallen in love with divine magic power as much as he loved magical science in the past.

In a way, this could be considered the first time Frey's true talents had been revealed since his return.

It was different from magical science.

He wasn't walking down a path he'd already pioneered long ago. Instead, he was once again traversing into unknown territory.

Divine magic power was a completely different realm.

New theories were established through analysis and research, and inefficiencies were constantly found and fixed through his fights with Indra.

And because of this, he was able to grow at an astonishing rate.

'What is this...?!'

Indra knew that ridiculous geniuses would sometimes appear among the humans.

Every few centuries, there would be some who could even threaten the Demigods, but they only survived for a short time, a century at best.

That was why no Demigod ever feared them.

But Indra was different.

He was currently feeling deep horror because of Frey's talent.

Season 1 Chapter 179: Choice and Awakening (5)

Frey's loss percentage had reached 10%. And it had been a long time since it had reached this stage.

Indra realised that Frey had learned to control his new power perfectly.

He had even acquired his treasured secret lightning abilities.

"...I can't call you human anymore."

Frey looked at Indra.

At some point, he seemed to have lost his will to fight. Or he seemed to be feeling a deep sense of futility.

He understood how he felt.

But he was also confused by that feeling. This was because he never thought the day would come when he would be able to understand a Demigod.

But soon, he realised it wasn't that strange.

After all, this world was virtual space created by Frey's spirit. Being here meant Indra and Milled could feel Frey's emotions and view his memories.

But this wasn't a one-sided transaction. Frey was also able to view their memories.

"Indra."

It was Milled who called out to him.

Riki no longer dismissed his residual thought ever since he noticed a change in Milled's feelings.

"I peeked at Riki's memories. And I'm sure you did too."

"Right."

"So what do you think?"

Milled continued bitterly when Indra didn't answer.

“I’m confused. We called him Lord because we felt he was perfectly fulfilling a role that only he could. In the first place, we’re all independent individuals who cannot be grouped together in a single frame. But under the banner of Demigods, we were able to love each other for being of the same race...”

“That’s because Lord was there. Treating us fairly and without discrimination, always leading us to the right path... a leader.”

That’s why they couldn’t believe it.

The suggestion Lord made to Riki.

To put the blame on an innocent Demigod and destroy them.

The moment he saw that, the trust Milled had in Lord, which had been embedded deep within his heart, was uprooted.

Frey looked at Indra for a moment before turning to Riki.

“How long has it been?”

Riki glanced at Frey.

This was the first time he’d mentioned time since he got there.

“About 90 years.”

Frey turned to Indra again.

“A hundred or so years have passed.”

“...what does that have to do with anything?”

“You probably feel that we’re assimilating, don’t you? Milled saw Riki’s memories. I’m sure you saw them too. You probably saw not only Riki’s but mine as well. I did too... but I didn’t really understand how Demigods think.”

“...”

“What about you guys? Do you still think humans are wrong? Do you still think that we should be dominated by you and that we should surrender to you?”

This was a very important question for Frey.

He didn’t take his eyes off of Indra’s lips. In truth, it wasn’t difficult for Frey to completely erase their existences.

After all, this was his space. In a sense, it was his world. So just by taking the initiative, he could wipe them out completely.

That was why Indra and Milled hadn't revealed themselves till Frey was weakened.

"..."

Indra shook his head with a confused expression.

It was as Frey said.

He'd looked at Riki's memories, and he'd felt Frey's emotions. And his pride as a Demigod, which was as strong as an iron fortress, cracked.

He was gradually being influenced by Frey.

At first, he felt shame and humiliation by that fact, but it didn't last very long.

He felt himself changing. He began to understand how the weak felt... he felt sympathy.

Regret.

When this word appeared in his mind, Indra couldn't take it anymore and said.

“What is it that you’re trying to say?”

It was probably the softest tone he’d spoken in for more than a hundred years.

Milled didn’t stop him.

Frey opened his mouth.

“You can say that you are residual thoughts formed by divine power.”

“...that’s right.”

“In that case, if I were to destroy you here, my own powers would diminish.”

“You don’t want to lose your divine power. Now that you created that strange new power, your divine power is also a part of your energy.”

“It’s not just that. I am... hoping that I can make you change your minds.”

Frey said those words with difficulty.

Indra and Milled’s eyes widened.

This was a natural reaction. Because they would never have imagined he was thinking this if he hadn't said those words himself.

Perhaps this was even more startling for Frey himself, who had said those words.

Changing Demigods.

If it was Lukas 4,000 years ago, he never would have imagined something like this. But it was different now.

He'd met Riki... and Elliah.

"Do you expect me to beg for forgiveness?"

Indra's voice was filled with rage.

But Frey simply shook his head.

"You're already dead. I don't want to hear that from your residual thought."

For the Demigods, death meant complete destruction. Because their bodies were their souls.

That was why these forms were called 'residual thoughts'. Indra and Milled's real bodies were already dead.

It was the same for Riki.

"..."

Indra was unable to make a decision.

Frey looked at him and said.

"Think about it carefully and decide. I'm not urging you to choose right away. There's plenty of time."

"You're not leaving here yet?"

Frey nodded casually to Indra's confused question.

"...I hate to admit it, but you've completely overwhelmed Indra. Don't you know what this means? It means your mental power has already surpassed the Demigods' and has truly entered the level of the transcendents." (TL: not sure if it's Milled speaking or Indra calling himself in third person, so I didn't change it)

"I know."

“You also stole the proper way to use my powers. And that strange power... Is there anything else you need to do here now that you can switch freely between mana and divine power?”

It wasn't perfect yet.

Frey replied.

“Right.”

This human in front of them had already surpassed the limits of what was considered mortal a long time ago. Nevertheless, he still wanted to grow stronger.

He wasn't sure if this was arrogance or ambition.

He never felt any murky thoughts in Frey's mind before.

Frey murmured.

“Because it's still not enough.”

“What?”

“This is still not enough to defeat Lord.”

“...”

Indra was speechless.

Defeat Lord?

Was he still sane?

He really wanted to ask to confirm. And if they weren't currently in the mental world, he just might've.

But now, Indra was able to feel Frey's emotions directly. He knew that this man wholeheartedly wanted to defeat Lord.

* * *

Since then, Frey began fighting against Indra and Milled at the same time.

It was incredibly difficult to defeat the two Demigods. Even though he had been overwhelming Indra before, this fact didn't change.

At first, they simply fought without any coordination. This was natural as the Demigods were known for their independent and individualistic tendencies, which made it difficult to match their movements and attacks.

But it was only after they became accustomed to each other that the nightmare truly began.

The battles that came after that were arguably the hardest and bloodiest in which Frey had fought to date.

It wasn't simply that their powers doubled.

Indra and Milled made up for each other's shortcomings and pressured Frey. Demigods were truly terrifying creatures when their strengths were combined.

The first dozens of times, he was unable to even retaliate and was constantly pressured until he was torn apart. It couldn't even be called a fight.

It was as though he'd returned to his first days in the mental world, constantly tortured by arrows and bolts of lightning.

He only found the first clue after his number of deaths exceeded 100.

'It's meaningless to use them separately.'

He needed to use his mana and divine power at the same time.

This was truly a difficult task. It wasn't the same as adding lightning to the power of Absolute.

Instead, it was making use of both powers at the same time. It was a task that was much more difficult than painting with one hand while solving a complex equation with the other. And this wasn't even an exaggeration.

But it didn't matter how difficult it was; Frey had no choice but to do it.

-Time passed.

How long had it been? He still didn't know.

However, he couldn't help but think that Frey was tired. But he quickly shook his head at that thought.

"He's really amazing."

Eventually, Indra couldn't help but mutter. Milled also agreed with him.

Their eyes were locked onto Frey. He didn't look fine, but he also didn't appear to be too injured.

It was clear that Frey had won this fight.

“I admit it.”

“You are stronger than the two of us now.”

Indra and Milled, two Demigods, bowed their heads towards Frey.

“...”

Frey felt strange.

It couldn't be helped. After all, an unbelievable sight was unfolding before him.

Even if they were just residual thoughts, they still had the self awareness that they were Demigods. Transcendent beings filled with pride and arrogance.

It was these beings who bowed their heads.

* * *

The bodies of the two Demigods broke into small pieces before flowing into Frey's body. He accepted them without hesitation.

Frey realised what these particles were. It was the divine power that formed Indra and Milled's residual thoughts.

What Frey had absorbed was the foundation of their existence as Demigods.

It wasn't forcefully injected. Instead, the memories of these Demigods, who willingly split themselves, flowed into Frey.

There were no side effects. After all, they were no longer hostile towards Frey.

That fact alone didn't mean much for his ego.

If it had been a normal person, these memories would have made him go crazy and he wouldn't have been able to accept them. But it was no problem for Frey; his mind was fully capable of digesting the memories of two Demigods.

"..."

By accepting these particles, he was able to gain a better understanding of their powers. He learned how to use them as though they were his powers from the beginning, not someone else's.

His body felt an absolute sense of fulfillment, but it was too early to be satisfied.

A mountain still remained. And it was also the highest mountain. Just looking up at it made one want to give up.

Unsheathing his sword, Riki said.

“You won’t be able to defeat Lord with just that power. That’s just a clue.”

He knew what Riki meant by that.

“Did you know about divine magic power?”

“No. But I understand what kind of power it is.”

Frey nodded.

Riki had borne witness to everything that happened there. This naturally meant he’d been able to observe the divine magic power for a long time as he used it.

Even if he couldn’t identify the essence of it, he would still have been able to understand some of its characteristics.

He was also the person who had the most accurate understanding of Lord’s power. Therefore, he would be able to determine whether Frey’s power had reached that stage or not.

“Then what should I do?”

When Frey asked this question honestly, Riki gave him an answer.

“Subdue me.”

“...”

“If you have my power, you will be strong enough to threaten Lord.”

“You mean the power of the sword?”

Obviously, Frey knew that Riki’s power was amazing, but it wouldn’t be very suitable for him as he had no talent in that field.

Riki shook his head as though he could see the true meaning behind Frey’s hesitation.

“You’re not wrong. But more precisely, it’s the power to cut anything. Even the space Lord creates.”

Riki looked at the places where Indra and Milled once stood.

“They decided to help you. In the future, their residual thoughts will no longer appear, and you will have to learn how to completely control Milled’s power as well as Indra’s lightning.”

“Milled’s power?”

“Clairvoyance.” (TL: the author added hanzi (chinese characters) and the literal meaning was ‘thousand mile eyes’)

“It’ll be difficult to grasp it right away, but it will definitely be useful in the upcoming fight. At least you won’t have anything to lose if you can use it perfectly.”

Riki’s words made sense.

In short, he had to make the powers of the two Demigods his own.

He didn’t have to think too hard about it. He just needed to increase his familiarity with them step by step.

It was okay if he was slow. After all, he still had plenty of time.

Of course, he didn’t know how long it would take to defeat the man standing calmly in front of him.

Season 1 Chapter 180: Choice and Awakening (6)

He suffered a horrific defeat.

From the start, there was nothing he could do. He ended up with all the bones in his body broken, and his muscles torn.

'He's a monster.'

After his short battle with Riki, he once again realised this fact. His opponent was a monster amongst monsters.

He was the only Demigod who could threaten Lord. The bonafide number two among the Demigods.

He was strong beyond reason.

Frey couldn't find any weaknesses.

From the moment Riki drew his sword, he literally became invincible.

He could cut anything. Absolute, Indra's lightning, and even his divine magic power.

In front of him, Frey couldn't help but feel that all of his means dried up. They became like fallen leaves, drifting weakly in the wind.

"I need some time to think."

This was the first time Frey had ever mentioned something like this.

It was different from when he fought Indra and Milled. At that time, he was confident that he could defeat the two of them as long as he learned how to properly use his divine magic power.

However, he had yet to think of a way to beat Riki. First, he had to think about how he would fight him.

Riki lowered his sword and nodded.

Frey sat down and began to ponder.

'Is my only chance before he draws his sword?'

It wasn't that he had flaws or weaknesses. Riki's strength without his sword was not something that could be disregarded.

However, compared to when Riki drew his sword, it was definitely weaker.

The problem was that the speed with which Riki drew his sword was too swift. There were no hints or foreshadowing.

There were times when the sword was drawn before Frey even knew what was happening, even though Riki's hand hadn't been on the sword before it was drawn.

At least at his current level, there was no way for him to target that gap.

As Frey was wondering if he'd met a dead end, Riki spoke.

“Think about how you defeated Indra.”

Was that a hint?

Frey's expression became serious.

That was probably the best hint Riki could give. Usually, this kind of enlightenment was useless if you didn't reach it yourself.

‘...the reason I was able to defeat Indra.’

There were many factors, but the decisive factor was the difference in will. Indra was tired of Frey who became stronger and stronger as he stepped on him.

He was shaken as Frey became more and more proficient in divine magic power. His concentration was reduced, and he even began to feel fear at the end.

Frey's spirit had overwhelmed Indra.

'Is it possible to do that to Riki?'

Was it possible?

It was no exaggeration to say that Riki's spirit was incredibly firm. It would be impossible to subdue the will of such a person.

Indra and Milled had enough holes that he was able to get a grip to pull, but Riki didn't even have a crack.

"..."

He thought about it for a long time, but he still wasn't able to make any conclusions.

He fought. He thought. He fought. He thought. This was repeated countless times.

Many boring and painful days passed, but he was still unable to get an answer. The hint Riki gave him nestled at the edge of his consciousness, but he was unable to grasp it.

Time went by slowly but surely.

The fight with Riki continued to be a large wall for Frey.

Unlike the previous fights, he didn't feel like he was moving forward at all. At least a few decades had passed since his first fight with Riki and there had been no improvement in that time.

He still lost unconditionally.

He didn't even have a way to fight properly, let alone win.

This was not an easy fact to accept.

He wasn't being conceited, but Frey had been able to overwhelm two Demigods at the same time. In addition to that, the Riki before him was just a residual thought who was not even as strong as the real Riki.

'If even a weakened Riki is this strong, then Lord...'

Frey shook his head.

He decided not to think negatively. There would not be any change to his determination to destroy Lord someday.

He would never despair again. And his will would never be shaken.

'...'

'...wouldn't be shaken?'

Frey's expression changed.

He was weaker than Riki in every way. Attack, defense, speed, situational awareness, and reaction speed.

However, there was one area in which he wouldn't lose.

"Belief."

The ingrained will that he wouldn't lose, even to Riki.

"Right, that's right."

Everything begins with one's own will. It didn't matter whether it was mana, divine power, or divine magic power.

He felt like a fool for taking so long to realise this. They would move according to his will and become stronger.

"So it's like that."

He now understood why Riki's power was so strong. This was because his belief was stronger than anyone else's.

His spirit, which had been honed to the limit, had taken the shape of a sharp sword.

"Haha."

Frey burst into laughter. His clogged breath could finally flow freely.

He'd finally found a path up the mountain he'd thought was insurmountable. It was impossible to determine the height of this mountain which was so tall that it pierced through the clouds.

But he'd found a way to climb it. He knew where to go.

That was enough for now.

Now, all that was left was to do it.

* * *

He fought.

He fought desperately.

As long as he still had breath in him, he moved his body.

He didn't care if his limbs were chopped off, if his intestines spilled out, or if his throat was cut. To Frey, winning or losing wasn't the problem.

At some point, the thought of making Riki submit and getting his power disappeared. Instead, he only wanted to prove that his belief was stronger.

As a man, he didn't want to back down. He wanted Riki to recognise him as an opponent.

“...”

He constantly let out violent cries. His emotions burned like undying flames.

He even forgot the flow of time.

It wasn't immersion — it was drive. (TL: korean wordplay here)

He forgot his purpose, he forgot his opponent, and he even forgot himself.

....

....

At some point, Riki's sword broke before Frey's body cracked.

"..."

Riki looked down at his broken sword before he suddenly lowered his hands.

"It's my defeat."

"..."

One word.

How long had he wanted to hear this word?

It was the word he wanted to hear more than anything else in the world, but surprisingly, his emotions didn't erupt.

Instead, he was rather calm.

“You can still fight.”

That’s what he said.

Only a sword was broken. There were no major injuries on his body.

On the other hand, Frey was severely injured.

But Riki shook his head firmly.

“You don’t understand. This place is different from reality. In this world, the sword is the holder of my belief. So what does it mean if it’s broken?”

“...”

“Your will has broken my belief.”

Riki smiled softly.

“So you finally managed to accomplish everything you wanted.”

The moment he heard that, Frey realised.

The fact that his long training had finally come to an end. And the fact that the time to leave this world had come.

“Don’t forget the memories here.”

Riki’s body began to fade. Similar to Indra and Milled, he would also be absorbed by Frey.

Riki looked at Frey and shook his head lightly.

“There’s no need to feel sympathetic.”

“...did I show it?”

“No. But I can feel it.”

Right. He could feel it. Because this was such a world.

“I’m not disappearing, Frey... no, Lukas. I want to be of help to you, even if it’s just a little. Like Indra and Milled.”

“...thank you.”

Frey muttered, there was so much he wanted to say.

“Without you, I never would have been able to accomplish all of this.”

He meant it.

Riki shook his head.

“Stop with all the awkwardness.”

“Right, I’m not used to stuff like that either.”

Then, after a brief silence, they both began laughing.

This wasn’t a separation. His residual thought might have disappeared from this place, but they would still be connected.

They laughed because they knew that.

Riki was almost completely transparent, and his voice sounded distant.

“After you wake up, you’ll have to hurry.”

“...?”

He didn’t even have time to ask what he meant.

Frey’s consciousness began to wake.

Krrr....

The mental world began to collapse, and the things he’d experienced there began to flash in front of his eyes like a kaleidoscope.

It was only then that Frey found out how long he’d been in this space.

It had only been a second in reality, but after spending 832 years in his mental world, Frey opened his eyes.

And then he realised what Riki meant when he said he had to hurry.