

Great Mage 191

Season 1 Chapter 191: Turbulence (5)

It was dawn when Frey finished talking to Nix.

He lay on the bed looking down at the peaceful expression of Nix, who had fallen asleep, before subconsciously brushing her hair away from her face.

He was happy that she looked comfortable.

'You've had a hard day.'

Since they separated, she had hardly gotten the opportunity to take a break.

She'd had a very hard time in the past. It was to the extent that she even tried to kill herself to force Agni into hibernation.

When he first heard it, he thought it was an extreme option, but after thinking about it, he realised it wasn't.

Instead, it was a judgement that was quite admirable considering the situation, level of knowledge, and experience that Nix had.

Of course, that didn't mean he wanted to compliment her for it.

Frey pondered for a while before placing the other half of Agni's crystal on the table.

Afterwards, he blew out the candle and left the room.

And so, a long and exhausting day had passed.

Nevertheless, Frey didn't feel very tired.

It wasn't just that.

'My hunger has disappeared, and I don't feel thirsty either.'

A feeling of fullness filled his entire body. As if he could stay in his optimal condition indefinitely.

It was as though he'd returned to his mental world.

Frey realised once again that he had moved even further from being human.

Of course, he could guess the reason.

Divine magic power.

This formidable energy was constantly energising Frey's body. It seemed that he would never need to replenish his food, water, or sleep unless he exhausted his mental power to the limit.

Frey shook his head.

He might have transcended humanity, but he was still human.

This was something that could never be forgotten or blurred. It was a crucial problem, and it was very important for Frey's identity.

Therefore, he didn't think about it too deeply. Instead, he thought about the plan at hand.

Currently, they had clues to two Apostles.

Shadow King Jenta and the high rank Demon, Kaltud.

Sheryl was in charge of tracking the latter. If she had any clues, she would contact him personally.

As for Jenta?

The Lucid Swords were responsible for tracking him, including the Circle Master, Jekid Deosis.

He'd said that Jenta was from a small island country called 'Hitume Ikar'. He'd also said that there was a branch of the Lucid Swords located in Hitume Ikar, which allowed them to track his whereabouts.

'I hope it works out.'

He decided to meet Jekid first.

Shuk.

Frey moved to the Jun family residence, the place where the last Circle meeting had been held.

Because it was dawn, the mansion appeared quite dim. But Frey didn't seem to notice this as he headed to Shepard's room on the third floor of the mansion.

Light was leaking through the gap below the door.

Click.

Frey opened the door without knocking. (TL: Frey really has a problem...)

Duke Shepard was sitting at his desk, moving his pen along a document.

Realising that his door was open, he paused. Then he looked up, spotting Frey.

“Rounder Frey.”

Frey was relieved to see that Shepard was still acting like a member of the circle.

The Kastkau Empire’s Imperial family had already submitted to Lord. It was possible that they were currently busy dealing with the internal remnants of the circle.

Shepard’s case should have been particularly confusing. After all, he was a duke who had devoted himself to the Imperial family, but he was also an executive who agreed with the will of the Circle.

Nevertheless, Shepard remained polite to Frey.

Frey couldn’t be sure what he was up to, but it at least proved that he hadn’t chosen to obey the Imperial family at that moment.

“What is it?”

It was a very polite way of speaking.

Frey felt strange for a moment as he recalled his first encounter with Shepard, but he eventually brushed it off and said.

“I would like to meet Jekid.”

“Master Jekid? Hmm.”

He seemed lost in thought.

After a while, Shepard put down his pen and got up, heading out of the room. Soon after, he returned with scrolls in his hands.

“Master Jekid recently entered Hitume Ikar. I haven’t been able to contact him since.”

“Haven’t been able to contact him?”

“The Lucid Swords also has a 7 star Wizard. A man named Millio. At first, he was regularly communicating with him.”

“...”

He was quite calm despite losing contact.

As if he realised Frey’s thought, Shepard continued.

“This situation was expected. Hitume Ikar is a very isolated country. Otherwise, Jekid would not have needed to use shortcuts in order to go there.”

“Have the Demigods reached that country?”

“No. Hmm... Strange as it may be, the island country is peaceful. It’s like the Demigods haven’t touched it at all. There are few such cases across the continent.”

This was truly a strange occurrence.

Did it have something to do with Jenta?

“But why do you want to meet Master Jekid all of a sudden?”

It seemed that this was a question he’d wanted to ask from the start.

Frey described what had happened in Silkid, and after he heard the stories, Shepard could barely keep his mouth closed.

“A-, Agni... is dead. Haha. If that is true... then it’s an incredible achievement.”

Shepard spoke with an exhilarated voice. On the other hand, Frey looked bitter.

Rather than focus on the amount of sacrifices that had been made, he only paid attention to the fact Agni had been slain.

Of course, it wasn't that he'd done something wrong.

Any member of the Circle would have reacted the same way.

"That means we can now afford to support Master Jekid."

Technically, that wasn't true.

But Frey felt that it would have taken too long for him to explain the situation in the Demon World.

Therefore, he simply changed the subject without accepting or denying Shepard's statement.

"Do you have any idea why we haven't gotten any word from them?"

"It's possible that it's black magic." (TL: Do you guys prefer black magic or sorcery?)

"...black magic."

Frey muttered in a soft voice.

Black Magic.

This was a power used primarily by countries on the eastern side of the continent, and although it was different from magic in nature, the concept was the same...

That was all Frey knew about it.

And it was just a piece of knowledge that anyone could obtain by opening a book in a library. He didn't know more than that.

This was because black magic didn't exist 4,000 years ago.

This wasn't surprising.

The races on the eastern side of the continent had developed their own unique and individual culture since the past. And thousands of years had passed since then.

So it was only natural that they would have developed their own techniques and technologies that matched their preferences.

'How uncomfortable.'

This was how it felt when one encountered the unknown.

“There are a few ways to enter Hitume Ikar listed in those scrolls.”

“As long as I have the coordinates, I can use Warp.”

“Rounder Frey is certainly strong enough to do so. However, please don't. If you were spotted by someone, things would only get more troublesome.”

“...”

Frey accepted Shepard's quiet warning.

He certainly had the confidence to get in without being spotted. However, the real problem followed.

Frey wasn't moving alone. In addition to Jekid, he planned to take Ivan, Snow, or Nix, who were now all working hard to train themselves.

If such a large group of outsiders was to appear in such a closed off place, there would certainly be traces.

'If it's found that we entered illegally later...'

As Shepard said, things would become more troublesome.

Of course, there was also the extreme method.

This meant entering Hitume Ikar and threatening the country's senior officials to extract all the information about Jenta. Even if they didn't want to answer, he could directly look into their minds for what he wanted.

It was an extreme but also incredibly efficient method.

Nevertheless, there was only one reason why Frey didn't make such a choice.

'Then I'd be no different from the Demigods.'

It was unethical and barbaric.

He would become the same as Lord, who infiltrated the palace of the Imperial family and forcibly obtained their obedience.

They weren't the enemy.

This made it even worse to force them to surrender and submit.

Rather, what he needed was their cooperation.

'...however.'

There were a few things that bothered him.

Hitume Ikar was a strange place where the Demigods' evil influence had not managed to reach even now. The only way such a thing would be possible was if they struck a deal with the Demigods.

If this wasn't by intimidation or forced surrender. If the country's leaders turned out to be corrupt and rotten.

"..."

Then, Frey's obligation to treat them like humans would disappear.

Season 1 Chapter 192: Great Medium(1)

Frey took the scroll and left the Jun family residence.

He then headed to a place called 'Kusman', one of the cities in the Kastkau Empire. In truth, it was a small town not quite large enough to be called a city, but Frey didn't care about that.

"..."

After he arrived in this quiet city surrounded by darkness, Frey stood in place, as though he'd been nailed to the spot.

When he thought about the people staying there and what he was about to tell them, he somehow couldn't muster the determination to walk forward.

But he couldn't delay it. It was still early dawn, but there were many things that had to be done.

Therefore, he looked for traces of mana.

The ones he was looking for were evading the Imperial family's pursuit. And as he expected, it took him a moment to find a faint trace in front of the entrance to an alley.

It was a messy, narrow place.

It was an illusion.

Frey walked forward, slowly walking through the barrier placed there.

He immediately found himself in an area brightly lit by lanterns, and he was covered by a warm feeling as the faint scent of chemicals drifted past his nose.

It looked like a Wizard's workshop.

“...Rounder Frey?”

A surprised voice called out to him.

It was Honor Gisellan, who had been standing at the side. He stared at Frey with wide eyes, obviously not expecting his arrival.

“Why are you here?”

Eizek was also there.

Frey held back a sigh.

Then, with a heavy expression, he said.

“I’m sorry.”

* * *

It was with a heavy heart that Frey left Kusman.

They didn't blame him. Maybe they didn't have the energy to.

They simply sat and cried.

Frey didn't comfort them.

He didn't think he deserved to do that.

Instead, he handed Beni'ang's body over to them and left.

"...I was irresponsible."

With a thought, he headed over to the Amakan Desert. There, he found a young girl on the desolate sandy ground.

She was laying on her back, looking up at the sky.

"Dawn in the desert is very cold."

Frey nodded.

"You must have been cold."

“A little, but it was faint.”

The girl rolled her eyes slightly before turning to Frey.

“I thought you didn’t come back because you forgot.”

“There were a few urgent matters I had to deal with.”

“Did you resolve them?”

“...most of them.”

The moment she heard that, her expression changed.

“What happened?”

“...”

Frey didn’t answer.

Anastasia rose up from the ground with a strange expression. Her limbs that had been cut off had regenerated a while ago.

“Who died?”

Those words caused a bitter chuckle to come out of Frey. He’d chosen the wrong person to pretend to.

This girl in front of him was probably the person who had the best understanding of Frey in the world.

He nodded slowly and said.

“Beniang died.”

Beniang Argento. The Circle Master of the Trowman Rings who had carried on the Great Mage Lukas Trowman’s legacy.

Anastasia didn’t know much about her, except for what she’d heard from Frey.

“It might feel new now. But this isn’t the first time we’ve been through this.”

Frey didn’t know how many comrades they had lost since the start of the war, because he knew it was foolish to keep count.

“Beniang was special to you.”

Frey nodded again.

“Right. She could have become my disciple.”

Had things worked out a little better, she would have. It was only then that Frey realised the biggest feeling was feeling at that moment—a sense of loss.

“It wasn’t your fault. Don’t blame yourself, Lukas.”

As she said this, Anastasia closed her eyes.

“You don’t have to bear the sadness. Never forget their sacrifice. But there is something more important than that.”

“...never getting used to it.”

“Right.”

Never growing accustomed towards the death of your comrades. To live a human, you had to always feel angry, sad and regretful towards their deaths.

You had to continue fighting passionately and living every day.

“Bury it in your chest and stand up. As always.”

It was a rough form of consolation. But Frey felt a faint tightness in his chest at those seemingly insignificant words.

In truth, Anastasia’s words were more like advice than comfort. This had happened a lot in the past, and although he didn’t want to think about it, it would probably happen in the future as well.

‘You wouldn’t be able to prevent it every time. Don’t get used to blaming yourself.’

Too much self-criticism would wear away at one’s resolve, and one would eventually begin fearing the struggle.

Frey knew this.

However, there were times when one needed to hear someone else say something, even if it was something one already knew. And it was even better if that person was a close friend, for example, one’s lifelong friend.

After managing to turn the mood around, Anastasia opened her mouth and said in a cheerful voice.

“That’s enough of the cheesy stuff. What are we going to do now?”

“Go to Hitume Ikar.”

“Hitume Ikar?”

“Before that...”

Frey told Anastasia what he’d learned from Dro. When she heard everything, she nodded and said.

“Hmm. So this is a good opportunity. That’s why we have to head to that island country. To get rid of Ananta’s Apostle.”

“But it’s a bit difficult to enter the country. It is very closed off.”

“They have a national isolation policy?”

That wasn’t exactly the case, but it was pretty similar. So Frey nodded before unfurling the scroll he received from Shepard.

“What’s that?”

“Ways to enter the country.”

There were a total of three methods listed in the scroll.

The first was to obtain an entry permit.

After reading the process for this method, Anastasia frowned and said.

“We can’t do this one.”

“Right. The screening process is too demanding, and it takes a very long time.”

Even the fastest case still required a month. Naturally, Frey did not have that much time at his disposal.

So they quickly skipped past that method and checked the next one.

The second was to be invited as guests by the royalty or nobles of Hitume Ikar.

‘This is the method Jekid used.’

Since the Lucid Swords had a branch in Hitume Ikar, they naturally had members from there as well.

“Do you have any acquaintances who could help us?”

“I don’t. Hmm... no. Wait a minute.”

The Orc Shaman from Paragon suddenly appeared in Frey’s mind. The sorcery she’d displayed at that time had left an impression on him.

‘However, Paragon is also busy at the moment.’

They wouldn’t have the time to lend a hand.

It was also not a confirmation that she was from Hitume Ikar simply because she could use sorcery, so that method was also put aside.

This meant that there was only one method left.

Anastasia’s eyes naturally turned to the last part of the scroll.

“Obtain permission from the Great Medium.”

Anastasia grinned.

“Wouldn’t this one be easy since we’re all comrades?”

The Great Mage couldn't help but roll his eyes at the Great Sage's words.

"That was a terrible joke."

"Huhu. Don't be a stick in the mud! It was quite funny."

When he heard this answer, Frey felt like he suffered a bit of a loss. So he thought about something that could ruin her mood and said.

"I don't think I should be saying this now, but it seems your tone is becoming more and more feminine."

The effect was exactly as he hoped.

Anastasia's face became extremely pale.

* * *

Hitume Ikar was a religious country.

They worshiped a god named 'Dauns' who was said to be the god of creation who controlled fate, mysticism and life.

Of course, this was a bit of a troubling factor for Frey, who always associated the word 'god' with the Demigods.

More importantly, Frey was an atheist. However, the Great Medium was said to be guided by god and followed his will.

So he would have to respect her beliefs to an extent.

"I'll go with you."

It was Ivan who spoke.

Frey glanced at him.

He had given his answer immediately after Frey informed the group about the trip to meet the Great Medium.

"Did you receive some clues from the three treasures?"

"Right. It's fine since I can do it anywhere. I think it would be better to get some fresh air now."

Frey then turned to look at Snow.

“What about you?”

“I will focus on my training for the time being.”

“Me too.”

Nix cautiously agreed with her opinion.

Frey didn't intend to force them. Rather, he would have refused if they really did choose to go.

It would be better for those two to absorb Agni's crystal as fast as possible and focus on mastering their divine power.

The next person Frey turned to was Isaka.

“I think I'll stop by the Blake family residence.”

“Why there?”

“Didn't you say Heinz was looking over the family on his own? I'm worried.”

Frey frowned at the unexpectedly fatherly words. But the words that followed were even more unbelievable.

“Heinz is smart, but he has no experience and is too inflexible in his thinking. So I will help him. I think we need to improve our awkward relationship.”

Aside from a slightly strange feeling, Isaka’s judgement was actually quite good.

The man in front of him had been Leyrin’s puppet, but he’d also been the head of a great noble family for decades.

He wasn’t sure how Heinz would respond to Isaka, but his guidance was certainly necessary in order for the family to progress smoothly.

Moreover, it was more reliable to make use of experience rather than intelligence or knowledge when it came to evading the Imperial family’s pursuit.

“Then it’s decided.”

The people heading to Hitume Ikar were Frey, Anastasia, Ivan, and Dro.

“...”

Nora simply watched from the side without saying a word. Perhaps it was because of her mood, but her empty sleeve seemed to look even more empty.

Ivan's eyes turned to her.

"At your age, it's best to retire. Think of this as a good opportunity, Master."

"Even if I just have one arm, I can still smash your skull."

"...why did you have to say that..."

When she heard Ivan's soft complaint, Nora smiled.

"Thank you, Ivan. Really."

"Please leave everything to me."

Anastasia opened a map.

Then, with her slender, white finger, she pointed to an island in the east.

"This is Hitume Ikar.... By the way, how exactly are we going to meet the Great Medium? Don't we need a permit to even enter the country?"

“The Great Medium doesn’t live on the island.”

Anastasia’s expression became a bit strange.

“She lives outside? ...On the continent?”

“No. She lives on an island called ‘Leshia’ located between Hitume Ikar and the continent. It is said that that’s where the Great Medium has always lived.”

Snow tilted her head.

“Isn’t she the leader of the country? Why would she stay in such a place?”

“Because the title ‘Great Medium’ has a more symbolic meaning. She has neither power nor influence. I heard that she had special abilities, but I don’t know how she is treated by the country.”

At Isaka’s explanation, Snow nodded.

She seemed to understand that the Great Medium was a concept similar to the Elven Queen.

“Do you need to prepare anything to meet her?”

“Not really.”

“What do you mean?”

“I heard that anyone with hostile intentions would not even be able to find the Island. And only those that the Great Medium wants to meet will find the path.”

“Sounds like a legend.”

“Hmph. The more unbelievable the rumors, the less the truth is worth.”

Ivan snorted loudly, and Frey agreed with him.

Isaka shook his head.

“The Great Medium has lived for over 200 years. Nevertheless, she remains so young and beautiful that everyone who saw her could only compliment her. It’s possible that she’s not human.”

Anastasia laughed at those words.

“200 years. Compared to us, she’s still a newborn. Isn’t that right, Lukas?”

....

....

At that moment, it was as if time had come to a stop.

“Aht!”

Anastasia hurriedly covered her mouth with both hands.

However, it was impossible for her to take back the words that had already been said.

Everyone there knew. Despite having the appearance of a young girl, Anastasia was one of the heroes from 4,000 years ago, the Great Sage.

That was why her words couldn't be dismissed as a slip of the tongue.

“By Lukas... do you mean Lukas Trowman?”

“Why would the name of the Great Mage suddenly pop up?”

“No. Wait a minute.... No way...”

As everyone turned their eyes to Frey, Anastasia said.

“...uh. Sorry.”

Frey covered his face with his palm.

* * *

Frey sighed and looked around.

Fortunately, the only people in the room were those whom he trusted.

It was a bit uncomfortable to have Isaka there as the man had once been an enemy, but it couldn't be denied that he'd risked his life in the battle against Agni. He couldn't hold a bias against him forever.

“It's as that idiot said.”

Anastasia scratched her cheek sheepishly at Frey's harsh words. Nevertheless, she was aware of her mistake.

After a while, Nora spoke carefully.

“Then...”

“Right.”

“...”

At first, there was silence again after he answered the unasked question.

Of course, this was a natural reaction. After all, this wasn't something easy to accept.

Or at least that's what Frey thought.

“I knew you were hiding a secret...”

“No way, you're really the Great Mage.”

“I see. Now I understand your absolutely ridiculous growth rate.”

Unexpectedly, it seemed that everyone accepted it quite easily.

Frey felt that he should have briefly explained what happened so that they'd understand.

“4,000 years ago, I was defeated in a fight against Lord and was trapped in the Abyss.”

Season 1 Chapter 193: Great Medium(2)

After a while, Frey finished talking.

Then Snow, who had been silent for a while, said.

“...Um. So Frey, should I call you Mr. Lukas?”

“You don’t have to.”

“Um. Under... stood.”

Snow tried to act like usual, but it was obvious that she was a little uncomfortable.

This was natural.

After all, she was talking to the greatest of the heroes over the past 4,000 years. Called the Pioneer and Father of Magical Science, the only person in history to ever be given the title ‘Great Mage’.

Lukas’ reputation and prestige had even been pounded into her, who was focused on swordsmanship. That was why it wasn’t easy even for her, a noble elf queen, to speak informally to him.

“4,000 years. It must have been really boring. You really suffered, Frey.”

“...”

Snow couldn't help but look at Ivan in shock. The others were the same.

Ivan had the same attitude as before he heard the story. And it seemed he didn't even realise what he'd done as he made a strange expression when he saw their gazes.

“What are you looking at?!”

“...nothing. I'm just praising your insensitivity.”

“Is that a compliment?”

“Something like that.”

“Hmm.”

When Ivan nodded as though he found her answer satisfactory, Anastasia couldn't help but burst out laughing.

“Haha! This guy is fantastic! I like him!”

Frey cleared his throat and opened his mouth.

“...you don’t need to think of me as Lukas. I don’t even want such treatment. The most important thing right now is for us to find a boat and head to our destination.”

Everyone nodded.

If anyone else had claimed to be Lukas Trowman, they would’ve scoffed at him. However, they had all been long curious about Frey’s calmness, behaviour, and speech that didn’t match his age.

In addition to that, the words of Anastasia, who had Schweiser’s memories, added credibility to the statement.

Of course, they might not all have been completely convinced, but they decided to be quiet. They had already received enough answers for the day.

* * *

The next day, they headed to Hitume Ikar.

Ivan looked at the others while packing food for himself.

“Aren’t you guys going to pack your own food? I’m not going to share even a single bean.”

“Unfortunately, Golems don’t need food.”

“My body is similar to the Golem’s.”

Dro muttered, looking down at his hand.

Ivan’s eyes turned to Frey.

“I already put them in my bag.”

He also didn’t need to eat food, but he decided to hide this fact for now.

Ivan nodded unconcernedly.

They then gathered in a clearing in the Trowman Rings’ hideout.

Frey took out a map and said.

“The closest city to Hitume Ikar is ‘Genix’. It belongs to the ‘Prima Kingdom’ and is a port city. We should be able to get a boat from there to Lesha.”

“Can’t we fly over?”

Ivan’s question was natural, but Frey shook his head.

“If we do that, they’d be alerted. The best method would be to go by ship.”

“Hmm.”

“Let’s head over first.”

Shuk.

As he said that, Frey used Warp to take the group to a forest near Genix.

Anastasia looked around and said.

“Luka-... Frey, have you been here before? It seems you already had an idea of the coordinates.”

“I came here yesterday at dawn.”

“You prepared quite thoroughly. But how?”

“I flew.”

After giving that brief answer, Frey turned and began walking towards Genix.

“Ivan, do you have identification?”

“I have a Mercenary badge.”

“What’s your rank?”

“A.”

If Ivan really wanted to, it would have been no problem for him to obtain an S rank or higher badge, but he didn’t seem too interested in increasing his rank.

As an A rank Mercenary, he had sufficient authority to vouch for three other people, including Frey.

Although Frey had a mercenary card of his own, he did not feel the need to use illusion magic.

However, it was much easier to pass the checks than Frey initially expected. More precisely, no checks were done.

A guard was standing outside the city gates, but he simply glanced at Frey and the others for a moment before lifting the bottle in his hand to his mouth once again.

“This is too lax. Are all the cities in the Prima Kingdom like this?”

“I don’t think so.”

Nevertheless, the strange feeling only intensified the deeper they got into the city of Genix. It was as though no energy could be found in the city.

“It doesn’t feel like a port city.”

Frey agreed with Ivan’s murmur.

Although it wasn’t as much as the Kastkau Empire, Luanoble Kingdom, or Silkid, it seemed that this place had been affected by the Demigods.

First, they headed to the docks. There weren’t many boats settled on the pier.

Frey called out to a nearby sailor.

“Excuse me.”

A middle-aged man with a sleepy expression turned to look at Frey and asked in a blunt tone.

“...what do you want?”

“Are there any boats heading to Lesha?”

“The Island of the Great Medium?”

“That’s right.”

“Hmm. Unfortunately, there aren’t any boats sailing anymore.”

Frey tilted his head at those.

“Did something happen?”

“A sea monster appeared. It’s wreaking havoc on the area.”

“Is it the Kraken?”

This was the name of the sea monster known as the Disasters of the Seas, but the middle-aged sailor shook his head.

“The Kraken doesn’t live in such shallow waters.”

“Then...”

“It’s a sea snake.”

“A Sea Serpent?”

“Mm... it looks similar to that, but...”

The man furrowed his brows before sighing.

“...it’s probably not. I’ve never seen a two headed Sea Serpent destroy a ship in all my decades on the sea. Plus, it could breathe fire, and its body was large enough to reach the clouds. Huhu. You probably think I’m talking nonsense.”

After saying this, the middle aged man laughed.

“After all, it’s a monster that shouldn’t exist.”

Frey seemed to think of something as he removed the map from his bag.

“When did the monster first appear?”

“About a month ago.”

“...”

A month ago. Then how did the Lucid Swords avoid this place?

Was there another way to get to Hitume Ikar other than traveling by ship?

Frey looked at the middle-aged man again, deciding to not think about his previous question any longer.

“Can you tell me where the sea snake appears?”

“No matter which route you choose, it’s impossible to completely avoid it. All the sea that you can see from this port is part of its territory.”

“That’s fine. Please tell me.”

The middle aged man gave Frey a strange look before drawing a line on the map with his finger.

“Here, I’m not sure if this will help you.”

Frey’s eyes shined slightly.

He humbly gave the man his gratitude before turning and showing the map to Anastasia. Then, he pointed out the sea snake’s territory according to what the man told him.

“Look at this.”

“I’m looking.”

“Do you feel anything?”

“Uh. I feel that this is excellent parchment paper.”

Frey sighed.

Anastasia chuckled softly before saying.

“I’m kidding. Right. The sea snake’s territory is a bit strange.”

“Is it? I can’t tell.”

Ivan tilted his head as he looked at the map, but Anastasia was right.

Frey turned to look at the coastline.

“It seems to be protecting Hitume Ikar.”

“Two heads and a huge body said to reach the sky. My guess is that it’s a Demigod.”

“It has their stench.”

A Demigod was blatantly protecting Hitume Ikar.

This fact alone increased the probability that Hitume Ikar had some kind of deal with the Demigods.

“Maybe we’ll be able to get some clues about that Jenta guy from him.”

“To do that, we’ll have to hide our identities. If he hides in the sea, it will be difficult to find him.”

If they knew that Frey was the one who wiped out Agni, then it was very likely that the Demigod would hide if he appeared. In other words, the option to fly to Lesha had become even more difficult.

“Then we’ll need to take a boat.”

“Didn’t the guy say that no boats are sailing?”

“Then we’ll just have to buy one.”

“Do you have money?”

“Of course.”

Frey removed a gem from his back.

Anastasia’s eyes narrowed.

“This gem seems pretty familiar. Is it just me?”

“Probably. Most gems look similar.”

“Haha. Is that so?”

The expression Anastasia, who had been laughing a moment ago, suddenly froze.

No matter how she looked at it, it was definitely one of the gems from her dungeon.

“...ca-, calm down... put that back. You don’t know what kind of treasure that gem is. It’s a natural esoteric gemstone that was hand-carved with the best magical engraving techniques. Those sailors who spent their entire lives at sea would never know the true value of such an item.”

“Alright. I’m going to get a ship.”

After saying that, Frey went and bought an old medium-sized ship before returning.

Then he gave Anastasia the change.

“...”

He ignored Anastasia, who was shaking with her head bowed, and boarded the ship. But they couldn’t leave right away.

Frey, Ivan, nor Anastasia had any knowledge when it came to sailing a ship, and naturally, Dro was the same.

It would only be a short voyage, but they would still need a navigator.

Frey searched for someone willing to go with them but didn’t have any luck. Then, a young, brown-skinned man spoke to him.

“Old man Frank is the only sailor who would willingly leave this port now.”

“Frank?”

“The old man sitting on the beach over there.”

Following his finger, Frey saw the middle-aged man who’d first explained the situation to him. (TL: knew it)

“Every day, he sits there staring at the sea, thinking about all the troubles that have happened recently.”

“...”

“In any case, you can try to persuade him.”

Frey nodded before walking over to Frank.

“Excuse me.”

“...do you want to ask something else?”

His tone was still as blunt as before.

Frey shook his head.

“We have to go to Lesha. I was told that you are an excellent sailor, so may I ask you to guide us?”

“...well. I am the best sailor left in Genix.”

Although it was said in a soft tone, there was unmistakable pride in his voice. Then he looked at Frey's clothes as he thought about something.

“Did you say you're going to Lesha? Hmm... if you use a longer route... we might be able to avoid the sea snake. If we're lucky. Of course, that doesn't change the fact that it's a dangerous voyage and I'm risking my life.”

Frey didn't tell him that his purpose was to meet the sea snake. Instead, he watched as Frank hesitated before continuing.

“How much money can you give me?”

“How much do you want?”

“...30 gold. N-, no. 20 gold.... If you give me just 15 gold, I'll get on your ship.”

Frey went back to Anastasia, collected 30 gold, and gave it to Frank.

When he saw this, Frank's eyes shook.

"O-, oh my God, thank you..."

"...?"

Frank shed tears while looking at Frey's puzzled expression.

"M-, my daughter is sick. But because of the treatment cost, I would have needed to give up..."

Frank wrapped his rough hands around Frey's.

"Thank you so much. You are my benefactor..."

Frey shook his head.

"I have paid you to do a job. What you need to do isn't express your gratitude but safely take the ship to the destination."

"Of course I will! With my pride, I could take you to the other side of the continent without a scratch."

After saying this with a firm expression, Frank boarded the boat after a few preparations.

“But how did you manage to get a boat? No smart person would lend their boat out with the sea snake around.”

“I bought one.”

“...I, I see.”

Frey looked at him with a perplexed expression.

Then Frank said he'd need a few more sailors since the boat was larger than he expected.

This was natural. After all, it was impossible for him to control a boat of this size on his own.

“How are you going to get the sailors?”

“I know some people. My friends all know my navigation skills, so as long as I am at the helm, they won't mind coming aboard... as long as you're willing to pay, of course.”

“Please.”

When Frank left, Dro walked over to Frey.

He looked into the sea and muttered softly.

“You are right. I can sense a strong divine power here.”

“Are you sure it’s a Demigod’s?”

“Right. But I don’t think that’s all.”

Dro placed his hand over the left side of his chest before continuing.

“I can feel the presence of my people in this sea.”

Season 1 Chapter 194: Great Medium(3)

The Great Medium opened her eyes earlier than usual.

“...”

As she sat up, her long, ebony hair flowed down, covering her face.

The Great Medium swept her hair roughly to the side, lost in her thoughts.

It had been a long time since she'd received a revelation.

This wasn't a problem. But this time, the revelation was too short and vague.

The representative. The person who would stand tall and prevent the end of the world. The last fighter.

"...Dauns, what role do you want this girl to play?" (TL: she addresses herself in a similar manner to Snow)

The Great Medium muttered softly as she got up from her seat.

"Jose."

"Did you call for me, my lady?"

Only a voice could be heard.

After a brief silence, the Great Medium continued.

“Guests will be coming soon, so make preparations.”

The eyes of Jose, who was standing outside, lit up.

This meant the visitors who were coming should not be mistreated but treated as guests.

“As you command.”

Jose’s presence disappeared, and the Great Medium let out a sigh.

It was annoying, but she had to accept the revelation.

She opened a window.

Then, as she looked at the wide horizon and smelled the scent of the sea, she couldn’t but think.

‘He will soon appear on that horizon.’

The mysterious representative from her revelation.

* * *

“By your kind... do you mean a Dragon?”

“Right.”

Dro said that he wasn't the Dragon Lord. Nevertheless, he still described the presence of the Dragon that he felt there as his kind.

Of course, that wasn't important at that moment.

Frey thought about Hector's words.

At that time, Hector had said that there were basically no more Dragons left on the continent, and Frey agreed with him. They were practically extinct.

However, Dro was now saying that he could sense the presence of a Dragon there. Together with a Demigod's divine power.

“...”

It was possible that there was some kind of secret hidden in the small sea.

“Can you track it?”

“I don’t know. This is my first time experiencing something like this. But... if we get close enough, I think I’d be able to find it.”

That was enough for now.

It was possible that the Dragon was hiding because of the Demigod nearby.

‘If Dro can feel the Dragon’s presence, then it’s possible that the Dragon can also feel his presence.’

Regardless, if they attacked the Demigod, the Dragon was bound to respond in some way.

By the time Frey finished thinking about this, Frank returned. With him were seven sailors who had agreed to accompany them.

When Frey tried to take out the money to pay them, Frank stopped him.

“Ah. I will handle their payment.”

“You will?”

“...You gave me too much money.”

Frey shook his head firmly when Frank said those words.

“It is a fair price for your work. We already calculated your wages, so you don’t need to worry about that.”

“But...”

“End of story.”

Frey then ignored him and went to pay the other sailors.

Frank looked at him and muttered bitterly.

“He’s so stubborn...”

* * *

It was said that the trip to Lesha would take a week.

If they had headed there directly, it would have only taken three days, but since they were taking a route to avoid the sea snake, it inevitably took longer.

However, even if they were to take the longer route, there was no guarantee that they would be able to evade the sea snake.

If it was really a Demigod, then it would attack this ship without a doubt.

Frey had been gently scattering mana since the ship had first set sail. It was like gently waving a rat tail in front of a cat.

'If it's really a Demigod, then it won't be able to resist this bait.'

If it ignored the bait, this meant that it was nothing more than a simple monster and he would no longer have to pay any attention to it. He could just get rid of it on his way back after finishing his business.

"The weather is so good. The waves are calm. Originally, such weather would have created a lot of jobs."

"If it wasn't for that snake bastard..."

"Well. Even without it, the current situation in the continent isn't too good."

"Rather, it can be said that the sea is still safer than land."

This was the conversation between the sailors.

It was ordinary people like these who were the most terrified by the Demigods' appearance. For them, the Demigods were like an unidentified horror.

The circulating rumors were so unbelievable that they sounded extremely exaggerated. Nevertheless, these rumors continued to spread.

Unknowingly, their anxiety was steadily being amplified, so if they did actually encounter the Demigods in the future, their will would be broken right away.

Of course, Frey didn't have any intention of blaming them. Very few people chose to continue fighting after personally witnessing the Demigods' power.

Frey turned to look at Ivan.

He was probably the most bored out of everyone on this sea journey. He was standing on the deck, fiddling with the Gale Necklace while wearing all three of Kasajin's artifacts.

"Did you get any results?"

Ivan shook his head as Frey approached him, saying.

"A little. I can at least see why they're called the three treasures. All three of them must be collected before they can show their true worth."

"Worth?"

“Would you like to see it?”

When Frey nodded, Ivan furrowed his eyebrows. Frey realised he was injecting his mana into the three artifacts.

After a while, a slight hum seemed to be coming from the Giant’s Belt, Tiger King’s Gloves, and Gale Necklace.

Paht.

“...”

Frey forgot how to talk for a moment.

Then he murmured in a shocked voice.

“...Kasajin?”

“Hmm. Since the Great Mage himself confirmed it, I guess this guy really is Kasajin.”

Ivan seemed to have still had some doubts whether the phantom of the man that appeared was Kasajin.

It was a man with short hair and fierce eyes, who seemed to exude pressure similar to a mountain.

It was Kasajin without a doubt.

“...”

Kasajin suddenly took a stance. Then he took a deep breath and slowly stretched out his fist.

It was a gentle and fluid motion. But he wasn't just giving a fist bump.

“Warrior King Fist.”

Kasajin's phantom was personally demonstrating the Warrior King Fist that he'd created.

Ivan didn't speak. Unknowingly, his eyes had become fixated upon Kasajin. In fact, it looked like he was trying to devour Kasajin's image.

Frey liked the look in his eyes. And Kasajin would have probably, too.

If he was still alive, he would have definitely taken Ivan in as his disciple.

Frey left Ivan to concentrate and returned to his room.

Four days passed.

Until then, the voyage had been smooth. During this trip, Frey mostly stayed on the deck.

Like the previous days, this day was calm, and he spent it having conversations with Anastasia, Ivan, or Frank.

Krrrr.

However, just as the sun was about to set, he felt an unusual tremor. Something was approaching the ship from below.

Frey was the first to realise this.

Ivan and Anastasia rushed onto the deck while Frank hurriedly gave orders to the sailors.

“Unfurl the sails!”

The sailors moved perfectly to follow the order.

Frank looked nervous.

He must have seen the sea snake rushing towards the ship. It was possible that he felt that he might have taken the wrong course and was ashamed.

Seeing this made Frey feel a bit guilty, but there were more important things to deal with at that moment.

Roar...

The waves shook heavily, and the ship listed(1) violently. The sails fluttered as if they had encountered a fierce typhoon.

The sailors tumbled across the deck a few times before they were able to latch onto the mast like bugs.

Suddenly, something emerged from the sea.

It was the sea snake.

Although that was what Frank called it, it looked more like a Drake or a similar subspecies than a snake. With bright blue scales, bright yellow eyes, and gleaming teeth, it wouldn't have been wrong to call it a Sea Dragon.

Now that he could see it in person, Frey could definitely tell from its divine power. As he'd expected, it was a Demigod.

However... that wasn't all.

Frey couldn't help but feel that something was off.

[Are you the ones traveling through my sea without permission? While sloppily and ignorantly spreading your mana at that.]

The Demigod spoke.

It wasn't strong. At best, it was as strong as or weaker than Milled.

Compared to Agni or even Norn, it was not strong at all.

With his current strength, it would be quite simple for Frey to get rid of this Demigod. Nevertheless, he didn't release his divine magic power to get rid of it.

[Kuku. Are you afraid? Right. I should have expected this much. Don't worry, you won't feel any pain. Your bodies won't even get stuck in this body's teeth.]

It had a very strange way of speaking.

It reminded Frey more of Torkunta than of a Demigod.

Frey suppressed these doubts and said.

“I heard you had two heads.”

Immediately afterwards, his body moved, floating up in front of the Demigod.

“Crazy...”

“Th-, that...”

Frank and the other crew members watched this sight with shocked gazes.

It was only at that moment when they realised Frey was a Wizard, but they didn't have the energy to rejoice.

After all, it seemed that Frey would get swallowed in one bite.

“Reveal your other head.”

Frey spoke calmly.

This was where the strange feeling was coming from.

[You're out of your mind.]

The Demigod opened its mouth as though it had heard something absurd. Then, flames poured up from its throat.

Now that he thought about it, Frank did say that the sea snake could breathe fire.

Just as Frey was about to cast a spell, a man shot up from the deck.

It was Ivan.

Ivan's fist struck the Demigod's chin heavily.

Crack!

[Kuk!]

The Demigod's mouth closed with a heavy sound, and the flames that it was about to spew out leaked through its clenched teeth.

The flames from its own stomach were burning it.

It was a very effective attack.

Unlike Frey's calm observation, the Demigod's anger was intense.

It glared down at Ivan with eyes that seemed to drip with rage. (TL: or tears of pain)

[You... you worm!]

Ivan cracked his knuckles.

"If you want to spit flames, then you should go live on the land instead of in the sea."

[Shut up!]

The Demigod screamed.

At that moment, the sea surged and the second head emerged.

The moment he saw this head, Frey realised the reason for his strange feeling. At the same time, another question was answered.

"..."

A sea snake with two heads.

That was the impression that most of the sailors, including Frank, had.

The second head also looked like a Dragon's, but it was different. It was completely different.

The second head wasn't a sea dragon's or a serpent's. It wasn't even a Demigod's.

This difference was clear to Frey.

This Demigod's second head was a Dragon. A Dragon whom Frey knew.

Even if he couldn't tell the difference between other Dragons, this was the one Dragon whom Frey would always be able to recognise.

It was the head of Green Dragon Isolla. His teacher.

[Ku... uu... uuhh...]

The cracking voice was like a terrible sound coming from a corpse. It was clear that this head didn't have any intelligence.

Its ego had already disappeared. It was basically a zombie.

Frey realised.

Transplantation.

Did they transplant a Dragon's body to a Demigod and then reshape it? Was something like that possible?

"What on earth did you do?"

Frey's voice trembled slightly

The Demigod laughed loudly at that, believing he was trembling in fear.

[Hahaha! You think I'll tell you? Die!]

"..."

At first, Frey had no intention of killing this Demigod. However, he now had even more of a reason to keep him alive.

He had to find out why this Demigod was wearing his teacher's head no matter what.

It was then.

“I will help too.”

It took Frey a moment to realise it was Dro’s voice.

This was because there was a strange emotion in his usually emotionless voice.

It was only when he turned to look at him that he realised what it was. Dro’s face was clouded by indescribable rage.

This caused him to wonder about Dro’s true identity once again, but he shook his head.

“You can’t kill him.”

“I know.”

[Kuhaha!]

The Demigod laughed even harder.

He didn't realise now that most of the Demigods, including Lord, were in the Demon World, these two people standing before him were among the top five strongest beings on the continent.

Season 1 Chapter 195: Great Medium(4)

It was less than 10 minutes after the fight.

Frey felt a deep sense of incongruity, and in the next moment, he stopped moving.

[...sp-, spare me.]

The Demigod bowed his head and begged. Its big eyes were filled with tears.

Frey recalled his divine magic power.

The sea snake was strong. Especially underwater, it was an invincible being.

Unfortunately, it had met the wrong opponents this time.

The power Frey used the most was Indra's lightning. By itself, the lightning was already incredibly strong, but the effect was amplified exponentially since the sea snake was covered in water.

The power Dro displayed was equally as amazing.

This was the first time Frey saw him fight.

'He uses the power of Dragons as if it was his own.'

It wasn't just Dragontongue. He was also very skillful when it came to the use of his Dragon Fear.

His spells were excellent, and he always knew the best times to make use of the spirits.

Frey couldn't help but wonder if he really wasn't the Dragon Lord.

Anastasia, who was watching the fight from the ship, couldn't help but laugh.

"This guy is really strange. Is that something a Demigod would say?"

"I don't think it is."

"What?"

"This isn't a Demigod."

This creature's divine power was comparable to a Demigod's. Its combat strength was also astonishing.

Nevertheless, it wasn't a Demigod.

Perhaps he heard Frey because the sea snake began nodding quickly.

[R-, right. I'm not a Demigod.]

"Then what are you?"

[I am Neptunus.]

"You stupid snake bastard. Who asked for your name?"

When Ivan shouted in anger, Neptunus shuddered.

[Uhh...]

"Explain properly."

Although Frey tried to speak calmly, the sight of his teacher's head in such a miserable manner made his voice grow cold.

Neptunus spoke even faster and in a more frightened manner than when he was threatened by Ivan.

[I, I was originally a sea serpent.]

“You’re too large. Are you a mutant?”

He said that while thinking about Torkunta.

Neptunus nodded.

[You can say that, yes. I was much stronger than the others.]

“...”

[I was originally in the great ocean. I had a fairly large territory there.]

“Get to the point.”

[...o-, one day, a Demigod appeared. It was a woman with grey hair. She looked like a human at first, but I soon realised she wasn’t.]

A grey-haired woman. Leyrin.

Frey frowned.

“Then?”

[I was overcome with fear and attacked her. But I lost without her even lifting a finger. When I regained consciousness, I was in a dark place and my body was bound to a platform. And every now and then... I would feel terrible pain.]

Neptunus' body shook.

[The pain of my scales being pulled out or of my flesh being cut... or of my guts being pulled out... I was never afraid of pain, but that was an exception. There were hundreds of times when I thought it would be better to just die, but she never let that happen. Then, at some point, the pain ended and my body became like this...]

He turned to the head of Isolla, Frey's teacher, which was attached to his body.

[The grey haired woman gave me many orders, and I had no choice but to follow them. If I even thought of defying her for even a moment, my head would hurt like hell. The last order I received was to sink all the ships headed to Hitume Ikar.]

Only then did Frey realise what Neptunus was.

He was a lab rat created by Leyrin.

No matter how crazy Leyrin, who created the Blake family bloodline, was, it would have been impossible for her to fuse the body of a Dragon and a Demigod.

The proud Demigods would never allow impurities to be added to their bodies.

[But not long ago, that woman's voice, which was always in my head, suddenly disappeared. I was so delighted, but when I realised it was only partial freedom, I was sad again.]

Neptunus would never have true freedom unless the Demigods disappeared completely.

Just as Frey was about to open his mouth.

[Uh, ah, ah...]

Isolla's head cried out once again.

It was like a whining baby.

"...what are you doing?"

This naturally caused Frey's voice to become cold once again.

Noticing this, Neptunus hurried to explain.

[I don't know either. Ever since that woman's voice in my head disappeared, it started making these mysterious noises.]

When Frey's expression became even colder, Neptunus, who seemed to remember something, added.

[So-, sometimes it sounds like it said the word 'Lord'.]

"...!"

Frey looked at Isolla's head once again.

Was he still alive?

Or was it a clue he left just before he died?

After thinking about it for a moment, Frey turned to the others.

"You guys head over to Lesha. I think I need to talk to this guy a bit longer."

Anastasia's expression was also one of displeasure.

Although she didn't notice it immediately like Frey, she eventually recognised the Dragon's head.

"...is that really Lady Isolla?"

"Right. I think there might be important clues on him."

"Understood."

Ivan then poked Frank, who was still staring dumbly at the sky, with his finger.

"What are you doing? He said go."

"A-, ahh. Oh, my God. Is this a dream? ...w-, who the hell are you people?"

"We'll explain on the way, so just get the boat moving. Just head straight there. Without that sea snake, you no longer have anything to be wary of."

Frank had no choice after hearing Ivan's rough tone.

In the meantime, Frey landed on Neptunus' head.

“I am going to take a closer look at your body. Is there anything similar to an island around here?”

[There’s a rock island nearby.]

“Let’s go there.”

[U-, understood.]

Neptunus nervously nodded at Frey’s words, and before long, they arrived at the island he spoke about.

[How are you going to... take a closer look at my body?]

“Stay still.”

As he said this, Frey pointed his finger.

“[U-, urk...?]”

Neptunus’ entire body slowly rose up from the sea. It was a magnificent sight to behold, similar to that of an island floating up into the sky.

But Neptunus, the main subject in this scene, couldn't afford to enjoy his first flight.

'Wh-, who the hell is this human?'

He felt that he was even more terrifying than the woman who captured him. In fact, he wasn't even sure if this man was a human in the first place.

Filled with anxiety and fear, Neptunus wanted to struggle, but he was afraid of Frey's gaze, so he felt that it would be best not to.

Meanwhile, Frey was scrutinising Neptunus' body.

"..."

Seeing it with his own eyes confirmed it for Frey.

The scars on this sea snake's body were much worse than he thought. It wasn't just Isolla's head.

He had a pair of shabby wings that did not match his enormous size, numerous eyes embedded in his chest, six legs, and countless patches and stitch marks carved across his entire body.

'How many creatures did she splice together?'

Just looking at it allowed him to see the madness of the creator.

If it wasn't for Neptunus' strong vitality, he would have died many times over. Instead of a sea serpent, he should have been called a chimera.

"You, can you use mana?"

[N-, no. I can't even use divine power at will. I can only use it to strengthen my body.]

Frey looked at Isolla once more.

Isolla was dead. Or she was on the verge of death.

That much was certain.

But it was possible that a faint bit of his ego... still remained. It was just that Neptunus' power prevented him from waking up.

"Take a nap."

[What?]

Boom!

Subsequently, Neptunus felt an intense shock behind his head. His mind was shaken in an instant.

Just before he lost consciousness, he looked at Frey with a hurt gaze.

[I, I wouldn't say...]

Neptunus fainted without being able to complete his sentence. His head then collapsed on the rock island.

Frey looked at Isolla.

Even though Neptunus was unconscious, it was still murmuring. In other words, Neptunus and Isolla's egos were not connected.

He touched the head.

He could feel divine power. It was left behind by Leyrin, but she was an Apocalypse. So the amount of divine power at her disposal was very large.

'He said that Isolla started murmuring after Leyrin died.'

With her death, most of the divine power in Neptunus' body disappeared, and Isolla was able to regain a bit of his consciousness.

So if all of the remaining divine power was removed...

Chch.

He was already able to control divine power as well as he could mana. He'd simply knocked Neptunus out so that it would be easier.

Thanks to this, in just ten minutes, all the divine power in Neptunus' body disappeared.

The next thing he noticed was Neptunus' heart.

When he was inspecting Neptunus' body, he had noticed a large number of scars and stitches on his chest.

And just as he expected...

'I knew it.'

Neptunus had two hearts. And the heart on the right that was shaking fiercely was, without a doubt, a Dragon Heart.

This should have been what Dro felt.

Without hesitation, Frey pumped mana into the Dragon Heart. His mana was purer and denser than even the most mana rich locations on the continent.

Babump!

The Dragon Heart began to beat heavily. Like a traveler who had wandered the desert for several days before finding an oasis, the Dragon Heart sucked in the mana like it was drinking water.

Paht.

As soon as the Dragon Heart was filled, Isolla's murmuring stopped.

After a while, she opened her eyes.

It was not the same as the unfocused eyes from before. There was clearly intelligence in her eyes.

Frey hesitated before saying.

"...Master?"

[...you are...]

“It’s Lukas.”

This reunion made Frey feel joy and sorrow at the same time. However, there was no time to think about that.

Isolla blinked before saying.

[Luka-, s? But... Lukas is dead...]

“A lot has happened.

They didn’t have time.

Frey summarised everything to the best of his ability and told her about the situation.

Isolla seemed to have a hard time believing it at first, but she still listened to Frey. And when he finished, she let out a long sigh.

[...right. As you said, a lot has happened.]

Isolla’s voice was weak. This made Frey even more sad.

He couldn't find any traces of the gentle and relaxed expression from the past.

"Who did this to you, Master?"

[...Lord.]

As expected.

Frey grit his teeth. His anger towards Lord had reached new heights at that moment.

[Lukas, we don't have the time to enjoy our reunion.]

He knew what she was saying was true. It was already a miracle that her consciousness had persisted for so long.

It wouldn't be strange if she suddenly died.

[...you said you met someone you suspect to be the Dragon Lord...]

"I'm not sure... do you know him?"

[Of course. I was also an ancient.]

After falling silent for a moment, she spoke again.

[I don't know the exact identity of that man named Dro. But if he really is the Dragon Lord, Lukas, you can't trust him.]

"...why?"

When Frey asked this in a surprised voice, Isolla gave him a shocking answer.

[Because the Demigod Lord and the Dragon Lord were like brothers.]

Season 1 Chapter 196: Great Medium(5)

"That island is Leshu."

It took about a day for them to arrive.

Ivan looked at the small island that was surrounded by a strange fog.

There was an indescribably mysterious feeling exuded by the island.

“There are many reefs in this area. If you don’t have the Great Medium’s permission, it is impossible to find the safe path...”

The moment Frank said those words, the fog suddenly began dispersing.

Seeing this, Anastasia muttered contemplatively.

“I guess this is sorcery. It certainly is unique.”

“I think this is the way we are meant to go.”

After following the path surrounded by fog, they reached a small dock.

Frank anchored the ship and turned to Ivan.

“We will wait here.”

“Since you came with us, why don’t you see what the island is like? I feel like I’m going to be sick if I stay on this boat any longer.”

“Our role is just to guide you. The Great Medium will not allow us to go any further.”

By not allow it, did they mean she’d kick them out?

It was a strange statement, but Ivan nodded, not bothered to persuade them any further.

“The Great Medium stays at a shrine at the top of the mountain in the middle of the island.”

“Climbing a mountain. How annoying.”

Ivan scratched his head in annoyance before walking towards the mountain.

Anastasia and Dro followed him.

But they soon stopped.

This was because there were people standing in front of them.

There were two people. A man and a woman.

Ivan looked at the man and narrowed his eyes.

‘That guy’s pretty strong.’

He was so skilled that it was a waste for him to be staying on such a small island. There weren't many people as strong as him even in Silkid, the land of Warriors.

Ivan then turned to look at the woman.

The woman was dressed in blue robes and had long, ebony hair. Her face also seemed to be locked in a perpetually sleepy expression. Just looking at her made one feel tired.

"Welcome, guests, to Lesha."

It was the woman who spoke.

Unlike her polite words, her voice was filled with fatigue and annoyance.

It was then Ivan realised that she was the Great Medium.

"Uh, I'm sorry. Can you wait a bit? There's someone who hasn't arrived yet."

The Great Medium tilted her head before shaking it slightly.

"The person whom I foretold is already here. Is that necessary?"

"Huh? Who are you talking about?"

“The candidate for representative.”

The Great Medium muttered then turned to someone.

“It is you. The prophesied being who will have great influence in the end of the world.”

“ ... ”

Even after receiving the Great Medium’s expectant gaze, Dro didn’t utter a word.

* * *

Isolla took a deep breath.

She closed her eyes for a moment as if to compose herself before opening them and continuing with difficulty.

[...while we were fighting the Demigods, I always thought that we were in the right. However... the more I learned the truth, the more questions arose. It is possible that the Dragons were not a benevolent race.]

Her voice was heavy.

Frey was curious, but he remained quiet.

He knew that his teacher didn't have much time. So he wanted her to choose her own last words.

He felt a renewed sense of helplessness.

The thought that he'd gained absolute power after acquiring the divine magic power was only an illusion.

'In the end, I'm just like a Demigod.'

When it came to destroying things, he had gained near omnipotent power, but it was still impossible to revive a single dying life.

Isolla spoke in a soft voice as though she noticed Frey's inner turmoil.

[...you said it was that child, Iris, who created Dro.]

"That's right."

[I wonder what Iris is thinking. She was deeply frustrated when you disappeared. I thought she could overcome that darkness, but before I knew it, she fell to Lord.]

“...”

[I don't know what her intentions are. But one thing I do know is that Lord will do whatever he can to get his hands on Dro.]

“Yes.”

He knew that, which was part of the reason he kept Dro near.

Isolla was proud to see her disciple's resolute expression.

Even though an inevitable fight with Lord was rapidly approaching, he did not back down or waver in the slightest.

She didn't know when he'd become so reliable.

[You are much stronger than you were in the past. I'm proud to be the teacher who once guided you. But I... I'm worried that you will forget your humanity.]

“...”

[The important thing is to never forget yourself. You have already reached a stage where you can no longer be called mortal. So if you take even one step down the wrong path, you might become a second Lord.]

“I will keep it in mind.”

Frey bowed his head. (TL: I think I should add that Isolla is the only person in the entire novel that Frey spoke politely to.)

Isolla seemed to smile wistfully for a moment.

[...will I be able to return to nature even though I've become like this? Or am I being too greedy?]

“No. You can be naturalised. Please leave it to me.”

[Huhu. Thank you.]

This time, she laughed happily.

Frey looked at the smiling face of his teacher and couldn't help but smile.

[...I'm glad I got to see you again, Lukas, my disciple. And I'm truly happy to have been your teacher, even up to my last moments.]

She closed her eyes slowly.

[Thank you. Thanks to this, dying a second time doesn't seem so bad...]

Isolla's voice gradually faded.

Frey bowed once again.

"I wish you eternal rest... Master."

* * *

"There's an intruder."

Jenta paused.

"Again? These rat bastards... how did they manage to crawl in this time?"

"They have not yet set foot in the country. But it has been confirmed that they went to meet the Great Medium."

"They will probably get permission from the Great Medium."

That damn woman was giving him hell.

Jenta's expression crumpled.

He really wished he could kill her. The Great Medium had never been of any help to their cause.

However, she was not easy to handle, even for Jenta.

"Since the fog path was opened, it is believed that they will enter the country soon."

It was only a feeling, but Jenta felt that these intruders would be much more troublesome than the previous ones.

'This is getting more complicated.'

Jenta recalled Ananta's words.

'Get out of Hitume Ikar. You won't be safe there.'

He hadn't believed it at that time because he didn't think there would be much trouble. So naturally, he had disobeyed.

Jenta was filled with regret, but it was already too late.

“Maybe they’re all from the Circle. If they work together, things will become more troublesome.”

“What are you going to do?”

“We’re going to destroy them before they can gather.”

Jenta’s eyes became cold.

“We have to deal with those who arrived first. Are you ready?”

“Even if you give the orders right now.”

“Good.”

As for the first intruders, they already had an idea of who they were.

The Lucid Swords. One of the Three Great Circles.

The Circle Master, Jekid Deosis, Circle Rounder Hart Lowmind, seven Knights, one Wizard, and one Shaman from Hitume Ikar.

Jekid was a Knight who had surpassed the Master rank. But Jenta wasn't afraid of him.

Chchch.

His dagger began shaking, and sticky poison flowed from his hand to cover it.

Even a Knight who had defense and resistance like an iron fortress would die as soon as this poison touched him.

Jenta let out a cold laugh.

"I will show those proud Knights just how terrifying Assassins can be."

* * *

The room Dro was assigned to had an excellent view of the outside. From it, he could see the dark sea that seemed to swallow the shore and the soft moonlight and the scenery of the island, all with a single glance.

It was truly a beautiful and magnificent sight.

It gave Dro a feeling of stability.

The sound of the crashing waves gave him peace. His eyes closed slowly.

Then, he heard a knock on the door.

“Who is it?”

“It’s the Great Medium.”

“...”

Dro hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Come in.”

The Great Medium walked into the room. Unlike before, she was dressed in a white outfit.

It might have been because of the soft moonlight, but she seemed a bit more pleasing to look at than when he saw her during the day.

Nevertheless, there was no change in Dro’s expression.

“Do you like the room?”

“I have no feeling towards it.”

“Hmm. You are quite honest.”

The Great Medium nodded with her drowsy expression, staring at Dro.

“Can I have a seat?”

“It seems you have something to talk about.”

“It won’t take long.”

“If you say so.”

The Great Medium sat down in front of Dro. Then she looked at him with eyes that seemed to be darker than the night sky.

“Do you believe in God?”

“No.”

It was an unexpected question, but Dro answered without hesitation.

The Great Medium continued like it didn't matter.

“Ah. I see. That's fine. I also didn't believe until I became the Great Medium.”

“You speak as though God exists.”

“He exists.”

It was a response filled with confidence.

A slight glint appeared in Dro's eyes.

“Then what is God doing now?”

“He's probably doing something so complex that I couldn't even begin to understand.”

“Is it so important that he can ignore the chaos on the continent?”

“Huhu. A bad habit that humans have is to only seek God after a disaster. Besides, it’s not possible to measure God with human standards.”

“...”

“God is absolutely fair. Our painful cries will only sound like complaints to him.”

The Great Medium laughed.

“This will be hard to understand for someone who isn’t even human in the first place.”

The two stared at each other’s eyes for a moment, and it was Dro who opened his mouth first.

“You said that I will have a great influence on the end of the world. Did God tell you that?”

“Yes. I also have something else to tell you.”

Dro looked at the Great Medium intently.

The playful expression that had never left her face before disappeared, and she said in a serious voice.

“A person will stand tall and prevent the end of the world. The last fighter. The representative.”

“...”

Dro’s expression, which had barely changed during the entire conversation, changed at the end. He could feel his heart flutter strangely.

The Great Medium’s eyes shined.

“It seems you felt something because of what I said.”

“...”

“I have no intention of prying. I have already carried out my task. Come to think of it, you want to enter Hitume Ikar, right? I will send them a message. So you can leave as early as dawn tomorrow.”

Then, the Great Medium nodded and left the room.

Dro didn’t move even after she left. He sat on the bed with a stiff expression.

“...representative.”

That word caused a ripple to go through his mind.

It felt like he'd forgotten something important. A memory that should not have been forgotten.

...He tried to remember it.

After a while, a few fragments seemed to emerge in his mind. But it was still not enough. He needed a decisive 'chunk'.

"Kuk."

Dro's expression twisted painfully.

He was very confused by his identity. Memories slowly began to surface.

He couldn't help but wonder.

'Is this 'me'? Or the 'Dragon Lord'? Who am I in the first place?'

[Shhh.]

A small voice in his head got rid of the emotional ripples. It was the familiar voice of Iris.

Dro's expression once again shifted back to one of expressionlessness.

He scratched his head, confused.

'What was I just doing?'

Since he couldn't think of it, it should not have been too important. That was what he thought.

Dro turned to look outside once again.

-But he no longer felt the serenity he felt when he first saw the scene.

Season 1 Chapter 197: Hitume Ikar (1)

Early the next morning, the Great Medium watched as Ivan and the rest left the island.

She had already sent a message to Hitume Ikar so they could enter the country.

Nonetheless, the Great Medium couldn't help but wonder.

'Is this the end?'

Her role. She had already passed on the revelation that 'God' had sent to her.

Nevertheless, she couldn't help but feel that there was still more for her to do.

It was then.

Jose walked up to her and spoke quietly.

"Great Medium, someone is approaching the island."

This woke the Great Medium from her thoughts, and she shook her head.

"I have already received those whom I should have. I will not accept any more guests in Lesha for the time being. Let the fog drive them away."

"Th-, that..."

Jose's expression changed as though something shocking happened.

"...the fog... isn't working."

"Huh?"

What did this mean?

Were the barriers that had been placed around the island ineffective?

Krrr-

Then they felt a great tremor.

It was the sense of someone breaking into the island with brute force.

The Great Medium then felt a wave of dizziness and stumbled slightly.

“Great Medium!”

“I’m alright.”

However, at that moment, the Great Medium’s expression was more serious than he had ever seen in his decades working for her.

‘My barriers were broken?’

The Great Medium blinked as she turned to look at the place where she felt the tremor.

A huge shadow could be seen in the fog. It was the head of an enormous creature that seemed to want to pierce the sky.

The Great Medium immediately realised whose head it was.

Wasn't this the large sea snake who had been wandering in the sea around Hitume Ikar recently?

'How?'

She knew that this monster was an extraordinary being. However, it was still an impossible task for it to break through the fog on its own.

Even if it was a Demigod...

But it didn't take long for the Great Medium to realise that it wasn't the sea snake who broke her barriers.

There was someone standing on the sea snake's head. His grey hair fluttering violently in the sea breeze.

The man looked down calmly, his gaze soon meeting the Great Medium's.

"...!"

At that moment, the Great Medium trembled.

'This feeling...'

No way. No. Was this... possible?

The Great Medium felt extremely confused at that moment.

She tried to speak, but she couldn't stop herself from stuttering.

"You... are you Dauns?"

"Gre-, Great Medium!"

Jose stared at the Great Medium in shock.

This was natural.

After all, Dauns was the name of the god of creation that Hitume Ikar worshipped.

"...?"

Frey tilted his head slightly at the unexpected question.

* * *

Frey sat face-to-face with the Great Medium.

She was much calmer now compared to their first encounter, but she still didn't show the drowsy attitude she had while dealing with Ivan or Dro.

They stared at the steam rising from the teacups in front of them for a moment before Frey spoke first.

"I am not Dauns."

The Great Medium lowered her eyes slightly and muttered.

"Yes. I was mistaken."

The Great Medium admitted to her mistake. Nevertheless, her doubts still remained.

A few hundred years had passed since she abandoned her own name and took up the title of Great Medium. And in that time, she had never seen the shadow of Dauns appear in someone.

The god of creation that she, as well as Hitume Ikar, believed in only sent revelations.

This was natural.

The Great Medium knew this. After all, he was the omnipotent and just god of creation, so he naturally would not care about just them.

That was why she felt even more guarded against Frey.

Even up until now, she could not read him. It was as he was covered in dense fog.

This wasn't something to be disregarded. After all, this could be described as the Great Medium's talent.

In the first place, this was the man who had broken into Lesha even though she didn't receive any revelations about him. He was an unauthorised guest, a being whom even the revelations from god failed to predict.

Nevertheless, the presence that he gave of was greatly similar to the power of god.

"Are you human?"

Frey was greatly displeased by the previous misunderstanding.

Whenever he heard questions like this, it made him feel that he had become a being who was no longer human.

But he remembered Isolla's teachings.

'As long as you don't forget your true nature.'

'I am human.'

When he had this thought, the dark clouds in his heart disappeared immediately.

Frey calmly nodded his head.

"That's right."

"...however, your power greatly surpasses human capability."

He nodded his head once again.

This was a natural fact, and she wouldn't believe otherwise even if he tried to convince her.

Frey also felt that the Great Medium's gaze was not simple.

The Great Medium paused to think for a moment before speaking.

"I mistook you for Dauns because I felt the power of God from you." (TL: you'll notice variable capitalisations of the word 'god'. I will explain them below)

Frey's eyes shined slightly.

The power of god.

Simply speaking, that was divine power, the power of the Demigods. But it was clear that this was not the power of God that the Great Medium was referring to.

Then what was it?

Did she literally mean the power of God?

If so, then there was only one explanation.

'Divine magic power.'

The power that could be converted to either divine power or mana.

Thinking about this power that he gained in his mental world, Frey asked.

“Does God really exist?”

In the end, Frey’s question was the same as Dro’s.

However, this time, the Great Medium wasn’t sure what to say. It was impossible for her to deal with this in the same manner with which she’d handled Dro’s question the night before.

This was because it felt contradictory for the man who she felt was closer to God than anyone else was now asking her about the existence of god.

The Great Medium sat silently for a while before slowly opening her mouth.

“...God exists.”

“I would like to meet him.”

There were many things that he wanted to ask.

Of course, Frey did not think there was an omnipotent being capable of being involved in everything in the world.

4,000 years ago, people worshipped the Demigods and Dragons as gods. This was because, from a human's perspective, these powerful beings were no different than gods.

It was possible that even the Great Medium had such an illusion.

Frey's request to meet God was to see what he was like.

The Great Medium responded with a shocked expression.

"I didn't receive such a prophecy."

"I see."

Frey muttered in a soft voice.

"So you're just a puppet."

"...I beg your pardon?"

The Great Medium's voice became sharp.

On the other hand, Frey's attitude had not changed since the beginning.

He slowly lifted the cup and took a sip of the tea.

The Great Medium bit her lip at his attitude. This was because she thought this expressionless man was making fun of her.

"Dauns is the omnipotent god of creation. His prophecies have helped my country overcome numerous crises."

"Anyone can anticipate the future by considering the present situation."

"It isn't anticipation. It is prophecy."

After saying these words in a firm tone, the Great Medium continued.

"The prophecies of Daun are absolute."

"So you leave everything to prophecy? You stopped thinking for yourself, and now, you wait for your God's voice even when making the smallest decisions?"

'No. That's not it.' (TL: I feel like a piece of dialogue from the GM is missing...)

Frey shook his head.

He had no malice towards theists. And he had no intention of belittling them.

On the contrary, Frey acknowledged the existence of religion to a certain extent, and even had a respectful attitude towards religious people.

This was because humans were weak. They needed support even to live their short lives.

And religion was the most faithful way to fulfill this role.

However, he didn't like the Great Medium's attitude.

What was the meaning of life if even the smallest decision depended on her god?

It didn't matter if she intended to live as a puppet. However, she was a human.

"You rude...!"

Jose's expression changed greatly.

He had a sword at his waist and his hand naturally fell to its hilt. He didn't intend to shed blood, but this man had to know his place.

Even the King of Hitume Ikar wouldn't dare to act so impudently.

"...!"

However, Jose couldn't draw his sword.

His entire body froze as though time itself had stopped.

In the time it took him to put his hand on his sword, Frey had turned to look at him.

It was just a glance, but he couldn't move.

'Wh-, what is this...'

Was it magic? Or sorcery?

No, it was different from that.

Jose had a strange feeling. It was hard to even take a breath. He felt like his stamina was being drained rapidly.

Frey only looked at him without making any further moves, but Jose's entire body became soaked in sweat. And as soon as Frey looked away, Jose collapsed.

He stared up at Frey, panting heavily.

'H-, he is not human!'

Jose felt a chill creep down his spine. In that moment, he even forgot his mission to protect the Great Medium.

At the same time, Frey rose from his seat.

"I have to go to Hitume Ikar. Can you grant me permission?"

"...you."

The Great Medium looked at Frey with a complicated expression. This was the first time she'd ever met a man like this.

She hesitated for a moment before biting her lip.

"Jose, leave us."

“I, I can’t. This man is too dangerous...”

“Would I be safer if you’re by my side?”

“...”

Jose’s face was awash with humiliation. But the Great Medium’s expression didn’t twitch.

She didn’t have any intention of insulting Jose. She was just speaking honestly.

Of course, Jose also understood the Great Medium’s intentions. However, this fact wounded his pride even more.

“...understood.”

Jose could only swallow his disgrace and leave the room.

Frey turned to look at the Great Medium. He wondered what she wanted to say.

The Great Medium also got up from her seat, then she headed to a corner of the room and said something in a strange accent.

“-.”

It was Frey's first time hearing this language.

In terms of intonation, it was highly likely that this was an ancient language.

A refreshing energy began flowing from within the Great Medium's body.

'She's using sorcery.'

Frey looked at this scene with interest.

This was certainly different from magic. The Great Medium didn't use either divine power or mana.

The energy that the Great Medium was using to practice sorcery seemed to come from within her own body.

The moment he saw it, Frey was certain that although he didn't know it, if he observed this force a bit more and broke it down... he would be able to use sorcery.

Suddenly, the space in front of the Great Medium split open, revealing a dark void.

Frey frowned.

He couldn't help but think about Lord's 'Space' at that moment.

Of course, he knew that neither sorcery or this space had anything to do with the Demigods.

"Let's go to the shrine."

"Shrine?"

The Great Medium nodded.

"Yes. If you go there, you will be able to meet God."

"...God."

"You are not someone I judge. Dauns will make his own judgement."

It was unprecedented to take outsiders to the Shrine.

The Great Medium swallowed the last of her words. This was because Frey would not care about such remarks.

Frey's eyes narrowed slightly.

If what she said was true, this meant that Frey had the chance to meet that being called God.

Season 1 Chapter 198: Hitume Ikar (2)

Hitume Ikar was only two days away from Lesha.

As he looked at the most mysterious country among the islands around the continent, Frank opened his mouth.

“There is only one port in the country that can be used by outsiders. It's called ‘Lutaha’. It's the only place I've visited in the past while trading. In other words, our role ends here.”

“What about when it's time to go back?”

“If there are no incidents, Hitume Ikar will provide you with a boat. You can come back with it.”

Ivan nodded.

At that time, the ship reached the Lutaha dock and was about to anchor.

“Halt!”

They then heard someone's loud shout.

Ivan turned to look at the dock.

'A little over ten men. Is the guy in the front the leader?'

Ivan looked at them and said.

"What is it?"

"Identify yourselves!"

The arrogant tone caused Ivan's face to twitch slightly.

"My name is Ivan!"

The man felt a bit of a sting when Ivan, who had never had a good temper, shouted even louder than he had. He could feel the mana in Ivan's voice.

Of course, this wasn't the attitude a guest should have had.

Seeing this, Anastasia smiled and said.

“I’ll take over from here, my young friend.”

“...I’m afraid you would only be laughed at if you were to step out.”

When she heard those words, Anastasia looked down at her body before muttering in a depressed voice.

“That certainly does seem to be the case.”

She looked even younger than he did.

Dro was clearly not interested in this matter, so Anastasia could only sigh before saying.

“Then we’ll do it like this. You will tell them what I say.”

“Alright.”

Ivan nodded before repeating Anastasia’s words with a cold voice.

“We were granted permission to enter the country of Hitume Ikar by the Great Medium of Lesha.”

There was a bit of an uproar below before the man who shouted before spoke again.

“I heard that there are three entrants in total!”

Anastasia beckoned over for Dro to come and stand beside them so the man could see before saying.

“It is us three.”

The man inspected the three of them one by one.

Ivan’s expression crumpled.

“This doesn’t feel good at all. Is this how we get treated despite receiving the Great Medium’s permission?”

“It’s possible that this is the last gateway. They still need to compare our appearances to what the Great Medium gave them.”

Even though he heard Anastasia’s answer, Ivan still grumbled.

“I want to gouge out his eyes.”

“I can’t allow that.”

“Hmph. But that guy said three people were granted entry. What about Frey?”

“...come to think of it.”

Anastasia looked at Ivan with a bit of admiration.

“You’re much sharper than you look. You’re quite different from Kasajin.”

“Dammit. Stop treating me like a child.”

“From my perspective, you *are* a child. And you don’t need to worry about Frey. He can move on his own. Because he’s not a child.”

Anastasia smirked, not needing to add the words ‘unlike you’ for everyone to hear them.

Ivan growled, making a sound similar to that of a wild beast. He felt angry, but strangely, it didn’t go any further.

If someone else had dared speak to him in such a way, he would have punched them in the face immediately.

When he tried to think of a reason for this, his thoughts turned to Nora.

Looking at it closely, Anastasia had a lot in common with Nora. They both looked incredibly young, said and did things that didn't match their appearances, and had tremendously terrifying power.

'I don't have to keep being embarrassed by a kid like this in the future, do I?'

As a sense of horror began to descend upon Ivan, the man spoke.

"You are allowed to anchor your ship!"

"Ha. Why, thank you."

Ivan grumbled irritably while Frank moored the ship to the dock.

After the three of them disembarked the ship, they turned to look up at Frank, who didn't come down.

He hesitated for a moment before saying.

"You guys are all extraordinary characters. Perhaps this was a special work of fate that a country bumpkin like me might not be able to encounter even once in a lifetime. It probably is."

“It’s not that special.”

“Huhu. I pray that you will achieve whatever you came here to do. And please thank Frey for me.”

“Sure.”

Ivan sheepishly scratched his cheek and nodded.

In this time, the guards approached them. The man at the head of the group then bowed towards them in a strange way.

It was accompanied by the strange gesture of putting the right fist in the left palm. (TL: Think of the way martial artists bow)

“Welcome to Hitume Ikar. I’m Vajra, a Samurai of Lutaha.”

‘What is a Samurai?’

Although he had this question, Ivan didn’t ask it and instead said.

“I’m Ivan.”

“A pleasure to meet you. Hmm. I heard that your arrival was revealed in a revelation... But I won’t ask the details. The Great Medium herself has spoken.”

Revelation.

Anastasia narrowed her eyes.

Was the Great Medium just trying to assist them?

Or did she really receive a revelation from Dauns about their arrival?

“However, first, you’ll need to follow me. Any guest who comes to Hitume Ikar after receiving the Great Medium’s approval must greet our king.”

Not a lord of high-ranking noble but the king himself. This was an example of the way special guests were treated in Hitume Ikar.

“Where is your king?”

“...Ivan.”

Anastasia grimaced at Ivan’s rudeness, but Vajra just let out a short chuckle.

“Haha. It’s okay. We respect the culture of others. It is clear that you are a Warrior, but are you not from Silkid? I heard that a Great Chief leads that country...”

“...uh. Right. Well.”

Ivan wasn’t from Silkid, but he didn’t say it directly.

Vajra laughed as though he expected something like this, but then his expression suddenly changed.

“...I heard about what happened. I’m sorry.”

When he thought about Agni, Ivan’s expression naturally hardened.

“It’s okay. We will overcome it.”

“That’s good to hear. In any case, the king’s palace is not far from here. If we leave immediately, we will be able to arrive by sunset.”

“Hmm...”

“After that, we will give you an identification card. You will be captured by the guards in no time if you were to wander around the country without a card. As you can see, we do not look alike.”

Vajra pointed to his black hair and eyes as he said those words.

Ivan nodded.

“Right.”

“If you have accumulated fatigue, you can rest in this city for a day before leaving.”

“No. There’s no need for that. We can leave immediately.”

“I like that. Very well.”

Vajra laughed honestly.

When Ivan looked at him, he couldn’t help but have positive feelings. He realised that this man was stronger than Jose, whom he’d met in Lesha.

‘I thought this was just an island country, but the level of the warriors here is amazing.’

He really wanted to fight them if he got the chance.

* * *

The warriors in Hitume Ikar were unique.

This was something Ivan noticed from the first meeting.

Including Vajra, Lutaha's Warriors... no, 'Samurai' ... wore light, fluffy clothes.

At first glance, these seemed unfit for battle. No different than being naked. After all, they were just pieces of cloth not suitable to block arrows, much less a sword.

They all also had swords at their waists.

Did they all practice hard body skills?

That wasn't the case.

He could tell with a glance.

The muscles of these warriors were trained to the extreme, but their direction was different from Ivan's. They were flexible. Resilient.

'They focus on speed.'

That's why their equipment was minimised.

Ivan subconsciously loosened his joints.

He thought about how the battle would be if they were to fight. Of course, their combat skills were no threat to Ivan, so in his virtual battles, he increased their speed a bit more.

'It would be a long battle.'

As they focused on speed, they had no choice but to give up some power in return. And Ivan's defense was second to none.

They would only be able to gradually add wounds to Ivan's body. Like chipping away at a rock.

Their only shot at victory would be to attack a vital spot after digging into the flaws and exhausting their opponent.

Ivan, on the other hand, would need to wait for the right moment to overcome such annoying attacks. He would have to end the fight with one blow.

Naturally, his mind turned to the incident in Silkid.

'Ivan's fist.'

This was a skill that had been able to fatally injure even an Apocalypse like Agni, but it had its own drawbacks.

It required him to shorten the distance enough for him to use his fist, and it took some time to use.

The former wasn't too much of a problem. After all, Ivan's fighting style had always been to have fierce fights at a jaw-droppingly close distance.

However, the latter was troublesome. While he focused his mana, Ivan would be completely defenseless.

As long as the opponent was at least a First class Warrior, they would never miss such an opportunity.

But this wouldn't be a problem as long as he had someone to momentarily block the enemy's movements.

Season 1 Chapter 199: Hitume Ikar (3)

While Ivan was suffering from a headache because of his endless pondering, Anastasia looked around with an expression of interest.

"Hmmm."

Hitume Ikar was definitely a country with unique characteristics.

Ivan only paid attention to their warriors, but Anastasia looked at the country from a much broader perspective.

‘They created a completely independent culture in 4,000 years.’

She was curious.

She wanted to spend a month just exploring the island and properly studying their culture. She was also interested in sorcery.

However, Anastasia put aside her selfish desires.

Meanwhile, their surroundings became quieter and quieter as they headed deeper into a forest.

It was a dark and ominous forest. In fact, it was as dark as if it was night, even though the sun was still high in the sky when they entered the forest.

Vajra, who was walking at the front, said.

“This is the ‘Dark Forest’. As outsiders, if you were to get lost here, you would never be able to escape, so don’t stray too far from me.”

This was said in a serious tone, and the group nodded.

'I'm bored to death.'

Ivan shook his head after having this thought.

It hadn't been long since they entered this forest, so he shouldn't have had such thoughts already. But this forest was truly unpleasant.

The darkness in the forest seemed to strangely cling to the skin. And for some strange reason, he felt tired.

He had slept enough before they arrived, so he wondered why he was feeling this way now.

"Stop."

It was Anastasia. The voice was clearly that of a young girl, but it carried a fierce hostility that couldn't be hidden.

Vajra stopped moving and looked back.

"What is it?"

"Didn't you say we'd arrive at the palace before sunset?"

“Of course. We’re almost there. Just follow us a bit longer. I think we’ll arrive sooner than I expected. The sun is still high.”

Anastasia laughed at those words.

“You think we’re fools? The sun has already set. Did you think we wouldn’t realise that?”

Ivan’s expression changed, but Vajra remained calm and said.

“It’s not unreasonable to have this thought. Because this forest does not allow sunlight to...”

“Hmph.”

Anastasia snorted.

She felt that there was no need to listen to his nonsense any longer.

Bang!

The ground shook as Anastasia’s small body shot towards Vajra like a cannonball. Her fist then struck forwards, hitting him.

Crack!

“...”

Anastasia frowned.

She didn't feel the sensation of hitting a person, and instead, a piece of wood broke under her fist.

Vajra had already moved.

What she'd struck was an old grey tree. Vajra was already far away. (TL: substitution jutsu?!)

Ssss.

The darkness from the forest wrapped around his body as if it was alive.

Vajra's expression was cold.

It seemed the expressions he'd displayed so far were all fake.

“You’re quite quick, girl. The sorcery in this place is not something that strangers could easily notice. How did you know?”

“You might be able to trick my senses, but my body clock is always accurate.”

Anastasia snorted again. There was no reason to reveal that she was a Golem.

“...hmm. Is that why you have such a strange presence?”

Ssss.

As he muttered those words, Vajra faded into the darkness.

‘We couldn’t lead them to the center of the forest, but it doesn’t matter. They can’t get out of here easily anyway. The only thing left is to slowly wear them down.’

A mysterious smile stretched across his lips. The time for a thrilling hunt had come.

<Stop.>

Shortly after this voice sounded, the darkness that was spreading around Vajra’s body stopped. His expression also became one of shock.

Taking advantage of this, Ivan and Anastasia quickly narrowed the distance and took Vajra down. They had the ability to kill him right away, but they didn't.

Capturing him was a much better option.

'What happened...?'

His body still couldn't move. Vajra could only move his eyes. He didn't realise that he'd been bound by the power of Dragons, Dragontongue.

"That was amazing. Are you sure you're not a real Dragon?"

Anastasia tapped Dro's shoulder as she asked this.

Dro looked into the dark forest and said.

"The others ran away. I can track them for now, but... I feel something unsettling."

"Their original intent was to bring us into this forest. They have already achieved that. But it might be dangerous to go deeper."

Anastasia's gaze turned to Vajra.

“There’s no need to rush. We captured the guy who knows the most. All we have to do is extract the information from him.”

“You’re going to torture him?”

“That’s too inefficient. I’m going to take control of his mind. Even if it’ll take longer, it’s the most effective...”

It was at that moment that something suddenly shot out from the dark forest.

Ivan and Anastasia evaded at the same time.

Puk.

This thing then stabbed into Vajra.

“What was that?”

“It was... a needle.”

Ivan looked at the nape of Vajra’s neck and clicked his tongue.

The needle was so thin that he had to look closely just to see its outline.

“Amazing. He died instantly. They managed to strike his vital spot perfectly.”

“Tch. I regret not bringing a weapon.”

If he had a blade, he would have struck the needle down. However, it was suicidal to block a hidden weapon without knowing what it was.

‘Couldn’t I have sacrificed an arm to stop it?’

Anastasia had regrets, but it was unavoidable. Her way of thinking was not yet that of a battle Golem; it was that of the Great Sage.

“Pull out the needle.”

“...why me?”

“Then should I do it?”

Ivan nodded at Anastasia’s words.

“Both of us are barehanded, so it doesn’t matter which one pulls it out.”

“You have the Tiger King’s Gloves.”

“...right.”

Ivan’s face twitched as he nodded.

Then, after putting on the Tiger King’s Gloves, he pulled the needle out of Vajra’s neck.

Jurk.

Blood condensed at the back of Vajra’s neck for a moment before it began flowing down his back. This blood was slightly purple.

“It’s extremely poisonous. Other than that, I can sense traces of divine power on it. Was it Ananta’s poison on the needle?”

Anastasia couldn’t help but feel glad she didn’t hold it with her bare hands. She couldn’t let her guard down because she was now a Golem. She knew just how terrifying Ananta’s poison is.

“Is this the work of that guy named Jenta?”

“It’s possible.”

“That guy really doesn’t care about shedding blood.”

Ivan shook his head.

“First of all, shouldn’t we head out of the forest?”

“There is some sort of barrier here. It’s probably sorcery. It’ll take time for us to get out. Dro, what about your Dragontongue?”

“It can be destroyed, but sorcery is directly connected to the forest.”

“Hmm...”

Ivan turned to the pondering Anastasia with a frown.

“What’s the problem?”

“If we forcefully break it, most of the forest will be destroyed. That would make us criminals in this country. Worst case scenario, we will be hunted down and forcibly expelled.”

“They attacked us first. What we’re doing is self defense. They can go ahead and try to kick us out.”

When Ivan said those words, Anastasia's gaze sharpened.

"Are you here for war? These people don't represent the entirety of Hitume Ikar. The officials might not know the truth behind this situation. Maybe that guy named Jenta sent Vajra to intercept us."

"What if that's not the case? This whole country might be in the hands of the Demigods."

"If that was the case, they wouldn't have lured us to this Dark Forest before acting. They would have attacked us even before we could set foot on the dock. It's just a feeling, but I don't think Jenta wants us to meet the king."

This caused Ivan to close his mouth.

He understood what Anastasia was trying to say. Hitume Ikar could also have had two factions.

Those who wanted to accept them as guests and those who wanted their lives.

"Dammit. Then are we supposed to stay here for a day?"

"A day or two. First, we will try to go around and find a way out. If that doesn't work, then we'll just have to destroy the forest."

In other words, they would have had an excuse for destroying the forest rather than doing it from the start.

Just as Ivan was about to sigh, they all turned to look into the dark forest at the same time.

Someone was approaching.

They were headed directly to them.

“It’s not just one.”

“Right. It should be three or four.”

“Let’s do it right this time.”

However, when they saw these people come out of the darkness, the group relaxed their battle postures slightly.

This was because no matter how they looked at them, these people could never have been citizens of Hitume Ikar.

There were five people in the group that appeared. They were all men and had a variety of hair colors.

What they had in common was that they all looked like they could collapse at any time.

“...hmm.”

When Ivan frowned, Anastasia turned to look at him.

“Do you know these people?”

“I’ve seen the man on the left before. He’s probably Hart Lowmind, Circle Rounder of the Lucid Swords.”

“So this should be the first group of Circle members who came to Hitume Ikar.”

The moment Anastasia muttered this, the man at the front of the group opened his mouth.

“You guys...”

“We are Frey’s companions.”

“Rounder Frey’s companions...? Then what about the issue in Silkid?”

The Silkid incident was one of Ivan’s greatest disgraces. So naturally, his expression hardened.

“It’s already over.”

“I see.”

“Are you the Circle Master of the Lucid Swords?”

Jekid nodded.

“Right. I am Jekid Deosis.”

“Why are you here?”

“...we are being hunted by them.”

He said these words with a bitter smile.

Ivan’s brows furrowed.

“Hunted? A man like you?”

Jekid’s power was something that not even Ivan could take on easily. In terms of pure sword skill, the man might even have been able to rival Snow.

Even if one searched the entire continent, it would be difficult to find people who could match him in swordsmanship.

“I came too hastily. I should have prepared more.”

Jekid looked to the sky and muttered.

“This country is very dangerous.”

* * *

Frey looked around.

It was a damp, humid place with stone floors that had a layer of water on it.

‘This is beneath the island.’

It would have been better to call it an underwater cave. In the center of the cave, there was a small building.

This was probably the shrine that the Great Medium had mentioned to him before.

“This is a holy place that only successive Great Mediums have been allowed to enter.”

“Is it okay for outsiders to come to such a place?”

“...”

The Great Medium didn't answer.

She knew that her actions this time were impulsive.

“Go to the shrine. If you are qualified, you will be able to meet Dauns.”

Frey calmly walked to the shrine.

The shrine was a building made entirely of wood.

It was quite strange.

If a wooden structure stayed in such a humid place, it wouldn't be long before it was completely rotten. However, this wooden shrine was clean and sturdy as if it had been only a day since it had been built.

When he entered the building, candles that were placed at the sides, lit up on their own, illuminating the entire building.

In the center of the room was a statue. Perhaps this was Dauns.

“...”

Frey's expression became firm as his eyes rested upon this statue.

It had a body that appeared similar to that of a human, but the face was without features or hair. There was not even a contour of muscle on its body. And even though it was just a statue, this figure seemed to be constantly exuding light.

It was very similar to something he knew.

‘Lord.’

At that moment, he suddenly felt as if the space he was in had disconnected from the world.

[Welcome.]

“...”

Frey looked back. A figure was now standing where the statue had been.

With a tense expression, Frey spoke.

“You are not Lord.”

The figure laughed, a mouth filled with bright teeth appearing on its otherwise featureless face.

[I am God.]

Season 1 Chapter 200: Hitume Ikar (4)

There were a lot of things that Frey wanted to ask when he finally got to meet God. Questions from 4,000 years ago.

However, Frey put aside his numerous questions. First of all, he had to confirm whether the being in front of him was truly god or not.

“Are you Dauns?”

[You could say that.]

Frey felt like he was standing in front of Lord. However, the entity in front of him had basically denied being Lord.

Frey thought so too. They looked similar, but his aura was not the same as Lord's.

[I've long wanted to meet you.]

"You say that like you've known me for a while."

[Oh. Of course I did. It's impossible for me to not know you. You are the third candidate! You don't know how thrilled I was when I first sensed your presence.]

Dauns smiled brightly.

Frey furrowed his eyebrows.

"The third candidate?"

[Unusual events require swift action. That's why I came here personally. Congratulations, you are the first human to meet God face to face.]

Frey couldn't figure out what Dauns was trying to say.

This wasn't because he couldn't understand him. Instead, it was because Dauns didn't seem to pay any attention to his words.

“I am a Wizard.”

[So?]

“This means that unless I witness something with my own eyes, I will not be able to believe it.”

[Now that you mention it, most Wizards are atheists.]

His smile didn't go away as he said these words.

[So? You want me to prove that I am God? Haha. What a blasphemous guy.]

“...”

[But it makes sense.]

Frey was speechless.

‘He doesn't feel like a god.’

This thought couldn't help but appear in Frey's mind the more he heard Dauns talk. His attitude was careless, and he spoke freely.

It was at that moment that Dauns started laughing and nodded.

[Everyone always expects us to have an outrageous attitude. Naturally, it's not hard to live up to those expectations. I could show the image of an absolute being who transcends the world. But I don't. Do you know why?]

Frey didn't answer this question.

Instead, his expression hardened.

"Was reading the thoughts of other people without permission one of the things you wanted to show?"

[It makes it easier for me if I can understand what the other person is thinking. Like this. Don't you think that it's more likely for me to be God now?]

He truly did have a slight thought like that.

After all, even if he had formidable insight, it would've been impossible for Dauns to tell Frey's inner thoughts. This was naturally since Frey's mental power, which had been tempered by his numerous hardships, far surpassed that of normal humans.

He couldn't confirm whether this being before him was God or not, but that was certainly something that mortals couldn't even hope to imitate.

“You said ‘us’ before. That means there are multiple gods.”

[Well...]

“Are you proclaiming yourself as God without having a firm grasp of your identity? I’m starting to doubt who you are now.”

Frey’s snide remark only made Dauns shrug.

[Not even the most eloquent speakers could ever hope to properly explain the word God, but fine. I’ll answer your little question. Every ‘God’ that exists in this world refers to me.]

His statement seemed vague at first glance, but Frey could see the truth behind his words.

‘Don’t tell me this is...’

Dauns laughed.

[Haha. You truly have transcended mortals. I can’t believe you managed to guess my identity after such a simple clue.]

“...I see.”

Frey sighed.

“So you are the ‘law’.”

The Law of the World. Or its will.

The huge chunk of energy from which the Demigods fell. That was the identity of the being in front of him who called himself God.

‘Is this Dauns?’

When Frey had asked this question, he’d replied that ‘he could say that’.

He wasn’t lying. But it wasn’t entirely true either.

This existence was the very source of divine beings.

It was clear now that all the religions on the continent, and the various gods they believed in, were all derived from this being.

However, this didn’t answer all of his questions.

Instead, the biggest question still remained.

[But... he said the will of the world had no consciousness.]

These were Riki's words, and Frey didn't doubt them.

Dauns nodded.

[You probably heard that from the beings you call Demigods. It's not entirely wrong.]

"What?"

[Hmm. How should I explain it...]

As he said these words, he held his chin as if he was thinking deeply.

This caused Frey to feel even stranger. This was because such an attitude felt too human.

Frey didn't believe in God, but he thought if He existed, He would be an absolute, perfect, and omnipotent being.

However, this being standing in front of him seemed far from that.

[To put it in a way that you would understand.... Right. You can say that I'm usually absent.]

Just before, Frey had been able to guess his identity with only a small hint, but now, he had no idea what he was thinking.

Frey asked back in a soft voice.

"Absent?"

[Because I'm busy. I can't afford to control everything in the world. I just set the laws so that it wouldn't fall into the depths of destruction. After that, my style has been to leave it unattended.]

"That's irresponsible."

[Hmm. That's true. So I will not try to argue with you.]

This was said in a very uncaring tone.

Looking at him with a solemn gaze, Frey said.

"What about the prophecies that you give to the Great Medium? Is that also part of the laws you set?"

[It's more efficient than telling them the solution after the incident has occurred. Because, the best way to stop a disaster is to prevent it. Sometimes, such people are born. Those who can feel my presence more clearly. So it's possible for me to show them what dangers the continent will face ahead of time.]

God did not directly inform the Great Medium about the dangers of the continent. If the 'law' which always monitored the continent detected a threat beyond a certain standard, it would send a warning to someone like her.

That was the truth of 'God's revelations'.

What kind of expression would the Great Medium have if she heard this?

Frey had this thought for a moment, but he pushed it aside for even more important questions.

"You must be aware of the current situation in the continent."

[Right.]

"...The Demigods have revealed their fangs. They are thinking about using a metal called Illuminium to avoid the law's punishment and subjugate the mortals."

[That's right.]

It seemed he already knew all of this.

Frey clenched his fist.

“Then do you plan to just watch them do that?”

[You said it yourself. They are avoiding the law’s punishment. Therefore, there’s nothing I can do.]

For the first time since they started talking, Frey became truly angry.

“Some religious people believe God will only give humans trials they can overcome.”

Dauns had a hint of interest in his voice.

[That’s a pretty plausible statement.]

“Then why are you not making a move? Is it because you think the continent needs to face such a bloodbath? Or is it that you think it will not reach the level of a disaster?”

[That’s a very human opinion. Don’t try to force your thoughts upon me. I have no intention of getting involved in this world I created.]

Frey became speechless for a moment.

This was because Dauns' voice had become serious for the first time. The playfulness that he'd displayed so far was no longer visible.

[‘Dauns’ is revered as the God of Creation in the island country Hitume Ikar. Right. I am the God of Creation. I created everything in this world. Do you understand? Everything. Not just the humans. Even the Demigods were created by me.]

“...so whether it’s the Demigods or the humans, they are things you created. And that’s why you won’t choose a side?”

[I created this world a very long time ago, and in that time, many species have appeared and disappeared. What’s interesting is that few of them failed because they failed to adapt or failed to evolve. Most of them went extinct at the hands of other species.]

“Does that mean that it is now the humans’ turn?”

[That might not be true. Huhu. This is how it is. I’m not sure how to make you understand. I don’t care about what is done or how many species are destroyed. All I care about is the world itself.]

“...”

The moment he heard those words, Frey couldn’t help but feel that this being might actually have been God.

After talking for so long, Frey was now able to grasp a bit of what the other was thinking and his mindset.

This, in itself, was amazing as even the Great Medium, who had been alive for hundreds of years, had been seen through by Frey immediately. However, despite their lengthy conversation, he was still unable to fully understand the other.

Instead, the more they talked, the more questions he seemed to have. It was clear that the root of their thoughts was completely different.

“...why did such a busy being like you decide to reveal yourself to me? Does it have something to do with the candidate thing you mentioned before?”

[As I expected, you're easy to talk to.]

Playfulness returned to his voice.

[Listen closely. There are three worlds in the universe. They are closely connected because they are 'neighbouring worlds', and it's possible for them to interfere with each other as long as certain conditions are met.]

“...by neighbouring world, do you mean the Demon World?”

[Right. Exactly. Hmm. But have you ever heard of the Celestial World?]

The topic was sudden, but Frey shook his head without being shocked.

“This is my first time hearing about it. But I assume you are referring to Heaven.”

Frey knew a bit about Heaven as he had been interested in the afterlife. It was said to be a paradise to which only the souls of those with good characters could go after death.

A world where you could feel fullness and restfulness just by staying still, without ever experiencing boredom. Where you could have all kinds of fruits, foods, and alcohol.

That was the definition of Heaven that Frey knew.

[The Celestial World and Heaven are different. Then I'll change my question. Do you know Angels?]

“They are the inhabitants of Heaven.”

[That's not it. Well. It'll take too long for me to explain little by little, so listen carefully. In the past, I created three worlds in this universe. The Mortal World, the Demon World, and the Celestial World.]

“...”

The Mortal World referred to the world to which Frey belonged. The Demon World, also called Hell, was the land of the Demons. But this was his first time hearing about the Celestial World.

'Moreover.'

Why was he suddenly telling him this?

Frey wondered this, but he didn't open his mouth. After all, this being could read his thoughts, so he probably knew what Frey was thinking about already.

'I'm sure my questions will be answered if I continue listening to him.'

Frey's prediction was correct.

[Just like the Demon World, there were six great beings who watched over the Celestial World. To be precise... there were supposed to be. The Celestial World. That would have been the case if this world, which I had put the most effort into, didn't have a fatal flaw.]

Dauns spoke in a sad voice and slowly shook his head.

[...this 'flaw' eventually led to the destruction of the Celestial World, and the mighty souls that belonged there were sucked into a vortex of will. And as I said, I was busy, so I couldn't afford to pay attention to it at that time. This vortex of will then spat the souls out of the Celestial World. Unable to return to the Celestial World, these fallen souls fell to the Mortal World.]

Frey felt a chill down his spine. It was as though a bolt of lightning struck his head and traveled down to his feet.

What he'd heard before and what he was hearing now combined, and he was naturally able to draw a conclusion.

"...no way..."

[They are outcasts. For whatever reason, they were kicked out of their own world. That's why it's not strange that they mistook themselves as fragments separated from the will of the world because they lost their memories when they fell to the Mortal World. So it's not completely wrong.]

Frey looked at him with wide eyes.

He didn't get chills anymore. Instead, they were replaced by a suffocating feeling.

[The Demigods were originally the beings who were supposed to rule over the Celestial World. And the one you call Lord is special among them. It is possible for him to hear my voice directly through space and time. If it wasn't for the setbacks, I would have favoured him more than anyone else in the universe, and I gave him a special name as proof of this.]

Dauns voice was calm as he continued.

[The one closest to God. The Archangel Michael.]